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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905. | NO. 28

CLEANED UP FOR THE ANGELS

Champions Shut Out Eldred in an Exhibition Game Friday.

SCORE WAS FOUR TO NOTHING

The Grounds Were Wet, but the Game Was Interesting—Denning Only Touched for Four Hits.

McKEAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W.	L.	P. C.
Derrick City	7	2	.777
Smethport	5	3	.625
Eldred	3	4	.429
Mt. Jewett	2	8	.200

One Jupiter Pluvius, whom the Mt. Jewett News blames frequently for sending rain when it is not desired, must have been overworking his sprinkler Friday. But, nevertheless, Smethport and Eldred dodged in between showers and played nine innings of fast baseball in the latter town and the Champions applied the whitewash brush. Score 4 to 0. A heavy downpour of rain occurred just about the time visitors arrived in Eldred and for a time it looked as though there would be no game, but when a "let up" occurred Manager Rasey decided on account of the condition of the grounds that an exhibition game, having no bearing on the league standing, should be played.

The outfield was a veritable lake, but the Champions seemed in their element—in fact the boys have played in the wet so often this year that some of them claim to be getting web-footed.

A tall gentleman named Mr. Nelson and another gentleman not so tall named Mr. Davie consorted with the otherwise familiar players on the Eldred team. The aforesaid Mr. Nelson was the pitcher and aside from the fourth inning was very deceptive in his treatment of the visitors.

Claude Denning lined them over for Smethport and had a picnic with the young men from the lowlands. Four hits was the best they could do with his delivery and no two of them occurred in the same inning. Denning also accepted seven fielding chances and otherwise distinguished himself. He was ably backstopped by Walter Daniels.

The "old boss," Tom Young, covered first and gamboled about like a frivolous and frisky young colt. He took everything that came near him and had 16 put-outs chalked up to his credit.

In fact every man on the Smethport team is deserving of an especial "send off," but the plain summary of the game shows better than words can tell what each player accomplished.

In the first inning McCabe reached first on Davie's error. Daniels made a hit and A. Llewelyn threw the ball into the crowd near third base, putting McCabe on third and Daniels on second. King struck out, Estry sent a grounder to W. Llewelyn and McCabe tried to score. Slack tagged him at the plate and in doing so stepped in front of Zeke. The result was that Slack measured his length in the mud several feet from the plate and must have imagined for a minute that he had been struck by a locomotive. Young closed this inning with a grounder. For Eldred Slack made a hit and Rasey a sacrifice, but the next two men were quickly retired.

In Eldred's half of the second Sweeney had reached first on a hit. He attempted to make second on the effort and fell with an alarming splash into a big pool of water. He was still floundering about when Young dove in and tagged him.

The eventful fourth inning opened with King at the bat. He made a single and stole second, advanced to third on Estry's timely hit and scored on Young's sacrifice. Knapp made a hit, scoring Estry, and stole second. Rasey made an error and McClure was safe and he also stole second. Brown scored Knapp with a hit. Denning drew a base on balls. McCabe brought McClure home with a single. Daniels flew out to T. Llewelyn and King on his second time up was retired Havens to Rasey. Four runs were scored. Three men to an inning was the rule until the ninth for Smethport when Brown made a hit, reached second on Denning's sacrifice and third on McCabe's hit, where he was left on the third out.

Not over four men faced Denning in any inning and Eldred never looked dangerous.

Brown, in right field for Smethport, made a nice catch of a fly in the third and the water was so deep in his garden that he resembled a tidal wave when running for the ball. This young man also made two base hits.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McCabe, 3b	5	0	2	2	3	0
Daniels, c	5	0	2	5	0	0
King ss	3	1	1	0	3	0
Estry, lf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Young, 1st	3	0	0	16	0	0
Knapp, 2d	4	1	1	1	3	0
McClure, cf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Brown, rf	4	0	2	1	1	0
Denning, p	2	0	0	1	6	0
Totals	34	4	10	27	16	0

Eldred	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Slack, c	4	0	2	8	2	0
Rasey, 1st	3	0	0	13	0	1
Davie, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	1
A. Llewelyn, lf	4	0	0	0	0	1
W. Llewelyn, ss	3	0	0	2	3	0
Sweeney, rf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Havens, 2d	3	0	1	1	6	0
T. Llewelyn, cf	2	0	0	2	0	0
Nelson, p	2	0	0	2	3	0
Totals	28	0	4	27	15	3

Score by innings:

Smethport	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	—4
Eldred	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Earned runs—Smethport 2.
Struck out—by Denning 5; Nelson 6.
Base on balls—off Denning 1; Nelson 1.
Stolen bases—King, Knapp, Brown.
Sacrifice hits—Young, Denning; Rasey.
Time of game—1:35.
Umpire—Bernard.

Suicide at Portville.

The climax of family difficulties was reached when Mrs. Marion Decker of Portville committed suicide by taking poison Thursday. Since March last Mr. and Mrs. Decker have been in litigation over several matters starting over the property which was in Mrs. Decker's name and finally leading to infidelity charges on both sides, and the ordering of her husband from the premises. In June Harry B. Barton of Clarksville was tried, found guilty and fined $20 in Briggs' court in Clarksville, for assault on Mr. Decker, in Decker's home, from which an appeal was taken. Mrs. Decker was a very attractive woman in appearance, with a sensitive disposition and the troubles evidently led to temporary insanity. Deceased leaves besides her husband, one daughter who is ten years of age, and one brother, Attorney W. S. Hubbard of this city. Mrs. Decker was about 30 years of age. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late residence.—Olean Ledger.

Supposed it was Water.

A Cincinnati dispatch says: Nearly 20 Italians were injured Wednesday in a peculiar accident near Baldwin, Ohio, where they were working on railroad tracks. In preparing a mess of spaghetti for the gang, the cook called for water. Two of the men dipped from a large tank two buckets of what they supposed was water. The liquid when emptied into a big kettle proved to be gasoline. An explosion followed the pouring of the first bucket into the kettle. Thereupon one of the Italians tried to extinguish the flames with the other bucket, which he supposed was water. The result was a second explosion which injured nearly all of the men who escaped the first explosion.

Nicholas Roberts, Tony Roberts and Tony Degarra were terribly burned and their condition is considered critical. The others were burned less seriously.

Arrested for Hunting on Sunday.

Elisses Gentele, an Italian residing at Palmerville, was arrested in that vicinity Sunday by Game Warden Farley for hunting. He was brought to Smethport and given a hearing before Justice Knapp Monday morning.

Gentele was found guilty on two charges—hunting on Sunday, and hunting without a license, as he is not a naturalized citizen. He was fined $25 in each case and costs, the whole amount being $57.66. Elisses had the currency right in his clothes and tendered three $20 bills in payment. He insisted that the young Italian lady, who acted as his interpreter, should take the $2.34 change which she did, and Mr. Gentele's $60 hunting incident came to a cheerful close.

W. C. T. U. Interested.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1905.

Three ladies of Smethport W. C. T. U. were the interested visitors to the Beacon Light Mission, which is about three miles from Bradford toward Lewis Run. Everything was in order at this Mission, and just as it was represented to be by Mr. Husted, Supt. of this home for children. The sympathies of the W. C. T. U. are aroused and we hope to accomplish much in this good work. Will all interested in home mission work please bring or send contributions in the form of clothing, toys or anything that would be useful to children to the M. E. chapel on Saturday at 3 p. m. Any further information will be given by the W. C. T. U.

Press correspondent of W. C. T. U.

Miss Maude Heath Wins.

We announce the winner of the High School contest as Miss Maude Heath, who has been awarded the beautiful prize, a Prinzess Cadet Suit. We congratulate her and the others who did not win the prize but did prove their popularity among very many interested friends. Here are the four leading candidates: Jennie Keesler, Ruth Holmes, Bertha Raymond and Eva Hopper. We thank you all for your interest in the contest and the support accorded it from the beginning.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY.

Notice to Taxpayers.

During my absence the tax duplicate for Smethport borough will be in the hands of Charles Lemmler who is authorized to receive taxes.

R. C. GLEASON,
Tax Collector.

Lemmler's is the place to buy trunks, traveling bags and fly nets. Reliable goods at reasonable prices is his motto.

Protect your animals from the torture of the flies by using So-Bos-So.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Camping in the Mountains.

Through the courtesy of Miss Bessie Heinemann and her father, Mr. N. W. Heinemann, a party of about twenty-five, mostly young people from various parts of the country, have been enjoying themselves to the full meaning of the word for the past two weeks.

Camp life was begun in the "Windfall Camp," near the junction of the two branches of Colegrove brook on Monday, June 26th, when a dozen or more of the party arrived at Colegrove and were conveyed to the camp where everything was found in perfect readiness and clean as a new whistle. The completeness of everything to the minutest detail exemplified the good judgment and thoughtful care of Mr. Heinemann, who is just in his element when he has a lot of young people around him whose pleasure is dependent on his ingenuity and planning everything for their safety, everything for their enjoyment.

An abundance of purest and coldest spring water is just outside the camp door for the getting. A commodious and sweet scented spring house, for the accomodation of our ample commissary served the purpose of the best refrigerators ever built, keeping everything sweet and cool.

Everything to eat in the way of substantials and luxuries, including even that most toothsome luxury, mountain trout, in all its beauty and freshness, which abound in the streams within a few rods of the camp in any direction you choose to go. The party was supplied with this delicacy (of legal size) through the expert angling of Mr. Douglas and Leo Herzog, who placed a mess of nice trout at the disposal of the chef every day with one exception, the exception being Sunday, the entire party, including the "expert anglers," being too much on "pleasure bent" the entire day previous to lay in the regular supply of speckled beauties. There is as great fascination for the angler in catching the trout as there is enjoyment in eating them, and immediately after dinner the first day we began "casting about" for bait, which, however, we found to be very scarce in the vicinity of the camp, and it was not until the expiration of an entire day that our prospecting was rewarded (half a mile from camp) with a generous "find" of the wriggling creatures and conspire with the angle-man to lure the gamey speckled beauties from their native element. With the bait mine firmly in our possession the angle-man entered in high glee upon the delightful task of supplying the camp with a daily menu of fresh trout, in which they succeeded admirably without even the aid of the fish warden, whose official duty it is to follow the angler with his measuring pole and measure each trout caught to determine whether said trout shall be again consigned to its native element, or to the fish basket, without interrupting the fisherman in his entrancing occupation.

Oh! the electrical thrill,
When a trout eats his fill
Of the bait on the angle-man's hook.

After becoming familiar with "camp rules and regulations," which were brief and to the point, and making the acquaintance of good, old Major, the faithful dog who had been brought to camp and assigned to the general guardianship of the entire party, it became the duty of each member of the party to enter upon the enjoyment of camp life and help everybody else to be happy (which was not a difficult task) and as "many hands make light work" enjoyment became a common commodity and everybody had enough and to spare, but did not weary of it, and the time was but too short.

A group of hammocks, placed just in the edge of the woods surrounding the camp where it was not too dense but just nice and shady, afforded ample opportunity for lounging and resting, and for the little flirtations that could be smuggled past the watchful eye of the faithful, but well meaning, chaperon.

In and outdoor games were provided for the further amusement of guests, with balls and gloves for the more active game of "catch," in which both girls and boys participated, even including the good, old Major, whose expert catching surprised all. Major entered with a vim into all sports, thinking he had a mission to entertain as well as watch over their safety.

Evenings were thoroughly enjoyed, both inside and out, by short "strolls under the stars" on the tracks of one of the system of mountain railroads owned by Mr. Heinemann, and by longer spins on the "speeder," placed at our disposal—one of the many courtesies of Mr. Heinemann. Inside the camp a huge and valuable guitar, in the hands of an enthusiast, furnished an accompaniment for those who wished to engage in the popular songs of the day, as well as time for the nimble footed who wished to indulge in the subtle two steps, waltzes, etc., and the more prosaic, but none the less fascinating and mirth-provoking quadrilles and Virginia reels.

Numerous excursions by train—personally conducted—on the system of mountain railroads owned by Mr. Heinemann, were the really exhilerating features of our two weeks of camp life. These trips, planned for bright days though mostly taken in the president's private observation car which would afford shelter in the event of rain, with ample outside platforms at either end, took us through beautiful mountain scenery that excited the admiration of each passenger, and an abundance of the purest health-laden mountain air, to the various enterprises Mr. Heinemann has in operation throughout his 11,000 acre domain.

An enthusiastic vote of thanks is hereby tendered Mr. Heinemann and his daughters, Bessie and Theresa, for their royal entertainment by the following fortunate guests: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Douglas, Burt Rice and Misses Mildred Douglas, Ethylen Colburn and Louise Allen, Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. Herman Adler and Joe Wirz, Cleveland, Ohio; Misses Nelle and Maude Thomas, Eva Yates and Messrs. A. D. Ericsson and Leo Hayes, Emporium, Pa.; Miss Cora Gallup, Kane, Pa.; Miss May Gallup, Norwich, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. John Heinemann, Attwood Putnam and Miss Caroline Putnam, Newerf, Pa.; Lynn Akins, Kennedy, N. Y.; Augustus Heimer, Washington, D. C.; Ed. Gallup, Ed. Curl and Barney Benson, Colegrove, Pa.; Misses Nellie and Margaret Heathcote, Mt. Jewett, Pa.; Mrs. Robert Daly and Leo Herzog, Smethport.

Looking Backward to 1898.

Whether the war with Spain did or did not make the United States a world power it is a remarkable fact, says the New York World, that a majority of the actors in the drama have since died or retired from public life.

It was seven years Monday since the destruction of Cervera's fleet. It is less than seven years since Cuba was made free and the Philippines and Porto Rico were ceded to the United States. In that brief time President McKinley and Vice President Hobart have died. So has Mr. Hay, the ambassador to Great Britain, whose services did so much to prevent European interference. Gen. Lawton, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Rear Admiral Sampson and Captain Philip are dead. Gen. Miles, Gen. Shafter, Gen. Otis, Gen. Young, Gen. Wheeler, Rear Admiral Schley and Capt. Cook have been retired. Dewey would have been retired but for his rank as full admiral.

Secretary Long has returned to private life. So has General Woodford, the minister at Spain at the time war was declared. Secretary Alger, now a Senator, has just announced that the condition of his health will not permit him to be a candidate for re-election. Gen. Eagan no longer wrestles with the problems of the commissary department of the army, directing his warlike skill against the small boys of West End avenue.

Gen. Hawley, chairman of the military affairs committee of the Senate, in 1898, and Mr. Boutelle, chairman of the House committee on naval affairs, are dead. Cushman K. Davis, who as chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations and as a member of the peace commission, had much to do with the treaty with Spain, has passed away. So have Senators Hoar, Hanna and Quay, and Speaker Reed.

In Cuba, Gomez and Garcia are dead. Spain has lost Premier Sagasta; De Lome, who was given his passports; Moutijo, who was defeated by Dewey; Toral who surrendered Santiago. Martinez-Campos, Weyler and Cervera are still alive.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt has become President; Colonel Wood, a Major General, and Adna R. Chaffee, No. 81 on the list of Lieutenant-Colonels at the beginning of 1898, is now Lieutenant-General and head of the army.

The days of the Spanish war may have witnessed a new birth of power, but the days that have passed since then have removed so many notable men that the war of 1898 seems to have been fought by another generation.

Will be a Long Strike.

A member of the Carpenters' union informed the Era that the strike recently inaugurated by that organization in Bradford shows no signs of being declared off. The only carpenter work now in progress here is being done by non-union workmen he stated.

The employers do not make any propositions for settlement and it is expected that the trouble will not be ended for a long time. Meanwhile a majority of the local carpenters have concluded to accept positions offered them in other cities. Some will go to Buffalo, others to Olean and elsewhere.

Better wages and an eight-hour day are demanded by the carpenters.

For Sale.

Second hand farming utensils, including one plow, two mowing machines, reaper and binder and drop reapes, lumber wagon, light bob sleds, heavy bob sleds. Same will be sold cheap for cash or on approved paper. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

The studio of Ralph C. Gleason will be closed until August 1st.

Get the handy ice cream dipper of Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

Mrs. Anna Tracy sworn: I live down by the depot; we lived at the Tracy farm for 16 years until the last year or two; he used to act very queer at times; when we would have company he would go off to one corner of the room; when we went to walk he would walk behind; I was speaking with him every day almost; his eyes always looked glary and bad, as if sometimes there was no sight in them; one morning when he got up he took a $20 bill from his pocket and gave it to our little boy and told him to put it into the stove; I took it from the child; I thought he was crazy and I often told my husband so.

Cross-examined.

I have five children; Andy was at our house nearly every day last summer; he always stopped when he was going past; I saved the $20 bill.

The defense here submitted to the court a package of letters written to the prisoner by the murdered girl, who, he said, was a pure and noble minded young lady, as was evinced by her letters. (Defendant's case rested.)

Father Michael Tracy re-called: Some two years ago I had Andy draw a contract for me; I sent money to Andrew sometimes to pay to others but not within a year past; I am not positive that I did or did not send money to Andrew during the last year to pay upon the contract mentioned, but I think it was my sister.

L. D. Glynn sworn: I reside in Buffalo, N. Y.; I have known Andrew Tracy about a year; I visit Smethport every six weeks; I became acquainted with him at his sister's store; I was at Portville the 20th of September last; I met him at the Wright House; I talked to him half an hour; I asked him if he lived in Bradford; he said he did, he lived at No. 11 Congress St.; he said his name was Callaher; he said he thought he had seen me somewhere; I recognized him at once when I saw him; had heard of the calamity here.

Cross-examined.

He was sitting on the piazza of the hotel when I met him; there were not many people about; it was about one o'clock; I don't remember of his having any conversation with any one else; he went into the dining room to dine.

Dr. S. D. Freeman recalled: I have been acquainted with the prisoner about 20 years; I don't recall having conversation with him until the last two years; the conversation I had with him about gunshot wounds lasted perhaps 20 minutes; I saw nothing in his manner or speech that would lead me to suppose he was insane; I should say he was sane.

Cross-examined.

I never heard his sanity called in question until the homicide occurred; I saw nothing in him to lead me to believe he was insane.

C. S. King recalled: I have been acquainted with Andrew Tracy for twenty years; I was sheriff up to January 1st; I brought him from Portville to this place; I have had frequent conversation with him in the jail; I think he was sane at the time I arrested him and has been ever since.

Cross-examined.

I don't remember of seeing him on the 18th of September; he was in the office a few days before doing business; I know nothing of his peculiarities before two and a half years ago.

G. M. Smith sworn: I have known Andrew Tracy since childhood; in the last three years have seen him often; am a justice of the peace here; I saw him almost daily for the last two or three years; I never thought of his being anything but a sane man.

Cross-examined.

I never saw any peculiarities in his conduct.

W. E. Peck sworn: I have resided for the past few years in Smethport; I have been acquainted with Andrew Tracy during that time; I have been acting as deputy sheriff; I have done business with him; I am of the opinion that he is sane.

Cross-examined.

I could not say how often I have conversed with him, often though; I have conversed with him in the jail very often; don't remember whether I saw him on the 17th or 18th of September last; at one conversation we had he was speaking of a writ in the hands of the sheriff and he said, "the parties have skipped out and I guess we cannot get the money."

John Duntley sworn: I have known Andy Tracy nearly twenty years; I live about a half mile from the Tracy farm; conversed with him often as a boy and a man; I never had any other idea but that he was sane; saw him very often and talked with him.

Isaac Duntley sworn: I live about three and a half miles from this place; have known Andrew Tracy 24 years last April; have known and talked with him all his life; regard him as a sane man.

(To be continued.)

Subscribe for the MINER.

Our Fish Laws a Farce.

The Punxsutawney Spirit says of the futility of present fish laws of the State:

"To say that the fish laws of this Commonwealth are a howling farce is to express the fact very mildly indeed. We have an elaborate program for the protection of game fish, with stringent regulations as to the conduct of fishermen. The length of a trout, bass, pike or other game fish that may be caught is carefully limited, and the particular season of the year in which any fish may be caught is definitely prescribed. We have a Department of Fisheries, which has supervision over the several state hatcheries and whose duty it is to look after the enforcement of the laws by the army of fish wardens, all maintained at considerable expense to the State.

"If a hungry mountaineer, who lives 40 miles from a meat market, catches and keeps a trout under six inches long he is liable to a fine of $10 per fish. If a poor widow, with a family of six small children, catches a few bass in a gill-net or by some other device, to feed her hungry offsprings, she becomes a criminal.

"But a little chemical factory, with a capital of two or three thousand dollars, a tannery or a pulp-mill, may locate on the head waters of one of our most beautiful fishing streams and transform it into a black and foul-smelling sewer, destroying every vestige of life in the stream and rendering it unfit for domestic water supply purposes, and nothing can be done.

"Of course it is argued that the streams of the Commonwealth are its natural sewers, and that the industries are worth vastly more to our people than the fish.

"While this is true, it is also true that much could be done in the way of preventing the pollution and poisoning of the streams without injuring our industries. Filters and furnaces could be constructed at comparatively small expense whereby the deleterious chemical and disease-breeding offal that is carelessly turned into the streams might be rendered harmless.

"A small chemical factory on the headwaters of First Fork, one of the prettiest mountain streams in the world, makes that little river look like a combination of ink and soap-suds, and has totally ruined it as a fishing stream. A few years ago it was the mecca of fishermen from all parts of the State. Now it is so nasty that the people who live along its banks cannot eat the eggs of the poultry that drink from it. This is only one of numerous instances of the same kind.

"The rights and pleasures of millions of people are thus sacrificed to the avarice of a few. In most cases it is the insignificant little industries that do the most damage.

"This matter ought to be thoroughly investigated by a commission of competent persons, and if it be found that the waters cannot be kept clean without crippling our industries the fish laws should be repealed absolutely. And if it be found that the various manufacturing industries could provide methods of disposing of the poisonous chemicals used in their business at reasonable cost, then they should be liable for all damage such industry might do to a stream.

"Coal mines might not come under this law, because they do not use chemicals or produce any offensive offal. By delving into the earth they merely release the sulphur water beneath, which cannot be avoided, but in cases where practicable, this water should also be subjected to some purifying process."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July, 8, 1905:

Felice Castono, J. K. Dunlap (2), L.A. Gary, John Jacquette, Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Will Kilmer, J. W. Long, Oscar A. Reed, Elmer Rhodes, Felix Southwick, F. D. Waite.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

All the Money in California

is not from its gold fields. Fortunes are made from the wheat fields and the fruit farms. Why not investigate the chances there? Through train service Chicago to California, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Line. Rate for double berth, $7 Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara or Sacramento. Tourist folder, with complete information, sent free on request. F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howell, 381 Broadway, N. Y.

When preparing for your vacation go to Charles Lemmler for a trunk or traveling bag. His stock is complete and the quality is of the best.

House for Rent.

Nine room house on Hill street. Inquire of Andrew Ness.

Be humane and buy a fly net for your horse. Charles Lemmler has a full line.

Everything in having tools, best and cheapest at J. C. Hamlin's.

Lemon squeezers that will squeeze at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

A Flight From Care

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1904, by Charles W. Hooke

THE dearest girl in the world and her mother came into the city on a Tuesday and very obligingly looked me up in my office about noon. They were so kind as to notice that I was not quite at my best and to express their sympathy.

It was true that I had been overworking for a month or more, that my hand was unsteady and that there were dark crescents under my eyes as a result of strenuous devotion to business extending into the midnight hours. In fact, my attempt to make the most of a streak of good luck had been so violent that I was on the verge of collapse. But I made light of it to the aforementioned young lady and her mother.

Mrs. Stanwood regarded me with an almost maternal solicitude.

"I was thinking that you might come out and stay with us over Sunday," responded Mrs. Stanwood. "You know we shall have Cousin Jim's house all to ourselves"—

It was all settled in a moment. A sweet decisiveness is one of Margaret's thousand charms, and upon this occasion, as often before and since, she saved me the trouble of making up my mind. Of course I knew that I ought not to accept this invitation, and of course I forgot an important business engagement which I had sinfully made for Sunday afternoon.

I had all kinds of trouble changing that appointment, but managed to do it without other loss than that which is measured in nerve force.

Margaret was waiting for me at the station in a hired equipage, and she urged the driver of the ancient nag to make all possible haste.

"Your train's a little late," said she to me in explanation, "and I promised Uncle Henry that I would come back as soon as I could."

Uncle Henry is Mrs. Stanwood's brother. He is a man whose fortunes had been declining of late, and he had been reduced to the necessity of taking boarders. Mrs. Stanwood and Margaret had spent a couple of months in his house, partly as a measure of economy and partly to help him along. Uncle Henry's son, James, is married and has a home of his own in Springvale, and I had understood that he and his family were to be away and that Margaret and her mother were to take care of the house. It would have suited me much better to be entertained at Cousin Jim's in that gentleman's absence, because there were too many people at Uncle Henry's to suit the inclinations of a nervous man who has planned to spend a quiet Sunday with his fiancee. Nevertheless I asked as cheerfully as possible if we were going to Uncle Henry's.

"Oh, no," replied Margaret. "Uncle Henry is at Cousin Jim's with mamma. She felt a little nervous there

IT WAS ALL SETTLED IN A MOMENT.

with no man about except Robert, who isn't of the smallest use as a protector, of course."

"Who is Robert, if I may venture to inquire?"

"He's Cousin Jim's hired man. He sleeps in the garret, and all the rest of the house might be carried off without his knowing it. He's"—

"Your mam ain't the only one that's worried these nights," interrupted the venerable driver, looking over his shoulder. "My wife she gits up an' lights a light every time one o' our cows turns over in her stall in the barn, though the Lord knows we ain't got nothin' in our house that a burglar'd pick up if 'twas lyin' in the middle o' the road."

"Burglars?" said I, amazed. "Do you have that sort of gentry out here?"

"You bet we've had more of 'em than we wanted lately," responded the driver. "There's three other houses be'n broken into besides Mullett's."

"I should never think of being afraid," said the dearest girl, "but mamma has been quite nervous. At Uncle Henry's she has barricaded her door every night this week with all the furniture in the room."

"What is there to steal at Cousin Jim's?" I asked. And she replied that there was nothing at all, so far as she knew, whereupon I assured her that no better guarantee of safety could be desired, for serious minded burglars never entered a house containing nothing of value.

"I wish you'd come round an' tell that to my wife," said the driver. "She makes me sleep with a loaded shotgun standin' a'in the head o' the bed, an' then she's so derned scared for fear the gun 'll go off that she sets up all night to watch it."

At this he struck his infirm steed a spiteful blow, and the creature ambled along with the gait of a toy horse carved from a single piece of wood until we came to Cousin Jim's house, which was the last on the street. Beyond was a large vacant corner lot and then a highway scantily adorned with residences. As a mark for midnight marauders Cousin Jim's domicile was well set, and I said so jocularly to the driver while presenting him with a small token of my esteem.

"You're right," said he, pocketing my coin, and then he added in a low voice, "There's stuff in that house that the young lady don't know about—stuff that's worth stealin'."

"What stuff?" said I. But he shook his head as he climbed into the wagon.

"I dunno nothin' pers'nally," said he. "I only know what folks say. Get up, Calamity!"

The well named steed moved off, and I turned toward the house. There was a dim light in the hall, and a brighter glow shone from some windows in the second story. Margaret was leaning out from the railing of the veranda and calling to her mother to come down and unlock the screen door. I paused upon the walk and for the first time became fully aware of the singular oppressiveness of the night. The air was utterly stagnant, but, looking aloft, I saw a scurrying mass of little clouds like *disordered troops* in retreat.

As I lowered my eyes there came a prolonged flash of lightning, like a series of winks, and by this illumination I saw the figure of a man crouching behind a bush at the far corner of the house. In my ordinary state of nerves this would not have startled me. The man's presence might have a simple explanation and, even though he were there upon dishonest business, he might easily be frightened off.

Before I could decide what to do Mrs. Stanwood and Uncle Henry appeared at the door. I picked up my satchel from the walk and hurried forward. In a tremulous voice Mrs. Stanwood expressed her pleasure at my coming, and she introduced me to Uncle Henry, a hesitating man who seemed always to be afraid that he had forgotten something.

"I must be going," said he at the earliest possible moment. "The folks at home will be anxious."

He stood a moment rubbing his chin dubiously and then bade us good night and wandered away, shaking his head. I was shown to my room, and after removing the stains of travel I joined the ladies in the sitting room on the second floor.

They seemed to be struggling with some vague alarm.

"Mamma thinks she heard a noise down in the kitchen," said Margaret in explanation.

"Show me that noise," said I, taking the pose of a stage hero, "and I will beat its brains out."

"The kitchen is at the far end of the hall," responded Mrs. Stanwood. "This little house is built on straight lines. When all the doors are open, you can stand in the front vestibule and see the big tree in the back yard through the kitchen window. Still there's no real need of your going down there."

The last sentence was so obviously ingenuous that I gave it no heed. I began to descend the stairs.

"You might make sure that the front door is locked," called Mrs. Stanwood.

This suited me precisely, for what I chiefly desired was to get a look outside. Therefore I opened the inner glass paneled door of the vestibule with the intention of going out upon the veranda and came face to face with a squarely built, grim visaged man, roughly dressed and wearing a cap.

It was an even chance in the first instant whether I should faint, *away* or leap at the villain's throat, and then I bethought me that he must be Robert, the manservant.

"Robert," I said in a low voice, "was it you whom I saw at the corner of the house a few minutes ago?"

He stared at me a moment, then shook his head and passed on into the house without a word.

I stepped outside and walked from end to end of the veranda and looked along the sides of the house; but, although I was favored by several flashes from the heavens, I saw nothing of the lurking marauder. I re-entered the house, locking the inner and outer doors, and then walked straight rearward to the kitchen.

Mrs. Stanwood had told me that she had locked all the doors on the lower floor, but I found that which was between the hall and the kitchen unfastened. The key was hanging down from the lock as if it had been cautiously pushed back in order that a skeleton key might be inserted from the other side.

I hesitated a moment, listening, and then struck a match and stepped into the room. If a burglar had confronted me at that moment I should not have had the strength to bid him good evening. But the kitchen was empty. Directly opposite me was the window; at my left, a door that I knew, from the design of the house, must open upon the cellar stairs. Mechanically I turned the key. Then, still thinking of the man whom I had seen, I crossed to the window, raised the shade and peered out into the darkness. Almost immediately a flash of lightning illumined the yard. In the blue gleam I saw the trunk of the big tree and beyond it a fence. The tree trunk hid the body of a man who was leaning over the fence but I saw his right arm and his hand. He was holding a large revolver. I saw the weapon perfectly plainly.

I turned back toward the hall and stood irresolute, trying to form a plan which would fit a state of things so exceptional. The thunder following the flash had ceased. The house was very *still, so still that I clearly heard the* cellar stairs creak under the slow tread of a man ascending. While I waited breathless, the knob of the door turned in his hand. He tried it many times, and yet I had not the strength to move or speak.

The door began to strain and groan. The man upon the other side had put his weight against it. I stepped forward and spoke in a low voice, but so close that he must hear me.

"I am going to shoot *through* that door!" said I.

The man did not reply, nor did he desist from his endeavor to force the door. His dull, silent, stolid courage amazed and awed me. Clearly he must

THE SERVANT PLUNGED INTO THE ROOM.

know that I was in some sort of trap. Perhaps in a moment the fellow's partner would thrust his revolver through the window and order me to hold up my hands. Yet nothing prevented my retreat toward the other part of the house. Surely they must know that.

I turned toward the hall and saw through the glass of the inner door a man in the front vestibule. I was trapped as nearly as the Mulletts had been in their cellar.

"Margaret," I called, "I'm afraid there's something wrong down here. You and your mother had better lock the sitting room doors!"

A stifled scream from Mrs. Stanwood answered this announcement. Margaret cried out:

"Come up here! I'll get Robert!"

"Get him, by all means," I replied. "But I'll stay here."

There was a long knife on the table. I took it and stood ready by the cellar door. It was nearly impossible that the man who was trying to force it should ever come through and live. This thought cheered me. It was a taste of triumph.

As I waited and the door creaked there came a metallic tapping on the window. Undoubtedly the man outside could shoot me if he chose, but I did not believe that he would risk making so much noise.

Then the vestibule door opened. I had almost forgotten my enemy upon that side. At the same moment Margaret called out from the upper regions of the house:

"Robert is not here! I can't find him!"

"What's the matter?" said a slow, calm and familiar voice.

It was Uncle Henry, who had entered by the front door.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Margaret," said he. "Is anyone [illegible] here?"

He [illegible] him and at the same time called to Mrs. Stanwood:

"I can be alarmed. We're all right now."

Uncle Henry came into the kitchen, and I whispered to him, "There's a burglar in the cellar and another in the back yard."

"Well, well!" said Uncle Henry and glanced toward the window in alarm, which changed to obvious relief. He crossed to the door opening from the kitchen to the yard and admitted a uniformed policeman with a revolver in his hand.

"I thought I saw somebody hanging around the house," said the officer, "and as there's so much talk of burglars just now I"—

"We think he may have got into the cellar," said Uncle Henry.

The policeman looked at the cellar door, which began to groan and strain.

"That's mighty queer," said he and turned the key.

Instantly the door opened, and Robert, the servant, plunged headlong into the room. He recovered his balance and stared at us.

"For the love of heaven," I exclaimed, "why didn't you answer me when I spoke to you through the door?"

Robert shook his head.

"He couldn't," said Uncle Henry, with a smile. "He's deaf and dumb." And he began to wag his fingers at Robert. "He says," continued Uncle Henry, "that he went down cellar to get a little piece of ice out of the ice box, and somebody locked the door."

"Ask if it's him that's been walking around back of the house this evening," said the policeman.

Uncle Henry wagged his fingers some more and then said, "Yes."

Out of Pocket, Though.

When General Lafayette attended Lamarque's funeral the crowd took the horses out of his carriage and drew him home themselves. "Were you not honored and pleased?" asked a friend. "Very much pleased," replied Lafayette, "but I never saw my horses again."

Appalling Suggestion.

Bride—My dear, this hat has been crushed beyond redemption, and I must have a new one. Bridegroom—Very well, my darling. I'll stop in somewhere on my way home and buy you one. (Bride faints with horror.)

Wide Awake.

Fuddle—You know Stocks, don't you? Doctor—Yes, indeed. He is now a patient of mine. Fuddle—Pretty wide-awake man, isn't he? Doctor—I should say so. I'm treating him for insomnia.

Unanswerable.

Husband—Do you really need a new hat? Wife—I always need a new hat, Husband—Then what's the use of getting this one?—Life.

BIRTH OF THE WALTZ

THE DANCE HAD ITS ORIGIN EITHER IN FRANCE OR GERMANY.

Its Introduction Into England Caused a Great Scandal In That Country and For a Time Had Fashionable Society In an Uproar.

No exact date can be ascribed to the introduction of the waltz into England from France. In 1800 Gillray published a caricature of a couple waltzing, with the note that "this was intended for a quiz upon the then foreign dance, waltzing." Again in 1810 the same artist published another sketch, entitled "La Waltze, Le Bon Genre," with the note, "The waltze was at this time new in England and just coming into fashion."

The fame, or, rather, notoriety, of the new dance had, however, reached England some years previously. Dr. Burney had seen it danced in Paris in 1780 and was moved to write, "How uneasy an English mother would feel to see her daughter so unfamiliarly treated, and still more to note the obliging manner in which the freedom is returned by the females."

Raikes in his journal declares that "no event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the 'German waltz,' which he attributes to Baron Neumann and others about the year 1811. He relates how the mornings, which had hitherto been dedicated to lounging in the park, were now absorbed at home in practicing the figures of a French quadrille or whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz.

It was danced at Almack's by a few very bold spirits, notably Lord Palmerston, Mme. de Lieven, Princess Esterhazy and Baron Neumann, and thus became a matter of exhibition, the whole company standing on benches to view the performance.

However, the anti-waltzing party took the alarm and cried it down. Mothers forbade it, and every ballroom became a scene of feud and contention. How profound was its unpopularity in certain quarters is proved by the pasquinades leveled against it. The famous seven lines commencing

"What! The girl I adore by another embraced!"

are commonly attributed to Byron, though they were published anonymously in 1812, and some authorities give Thomas Moore as the author. An impromptu purporting to be addressed by an indignant lover to his betrothed and her partner echoes Byron's feelings:

You've brushed the bloom from the peach,
From the rose its soft hue;
What you've touched you may take:
Pretty waltzer, adieu.

Another poet delivered himself of the following diatribe:

How arts improve in this inspiring age!
Peers mount the box, and horses tread the stage,
While waltzing females, with unblushing face,
Disdain to dance but in a man's embrace.

"The waltz, however," continues Raikes, "struggled successfully through all its difficulties. Flaurhault, who was 'la fleur du fois' in Paris, came over and with a host of others drove the prudes into their intrenchments. And when the Emperor Alexander was seen waltzing around the roof at Almack's, with his right uniform and numerous decorations, they surrendered at discretion."

It is a moot point whether the waltz originated in France or Germany, whether it came from the French "La Volta" or the German national dance, the "Landler." According to French authorities, La Volta was simply the waltz a trois temps. Provence was its birthplace, and it was first introduced at the court of Henry II. at Fontainebleau in 1555 by the Comte de Saulte, who is said to have invented it for many called it La Volta de Saulte, and the name is suitable both because of the etymology of the word and the character of the dance.

It enjoyed a great run throughout France and even penetrated to Scotland, where it met with furious opposition, one writer averring that its importation into France had been effected by the power of witches. Mary Stuart once exhibited her agility in this dance, but she was careful not to repeat the experiment, and this was about the last heard of it.

The case for Germany is that the first waltz tune appeared in 1670 in a popular song called "O du lieber Augustin." From Germany the dance made its way to Vienna and was introduced into the opera, while by and by it found its way to France, whence it came to England—"the insidious waltz, this imp of Germany, brought up in France."

The waltz when first danced in London was a slow movement a trois temps, and the early English waltz compositions were very poor. Strauss came to London in 1837 to play at Almack's, and his waltz music created a perfect furore. It killed the old trois temps waltz, and the deux temps usurped its place. Now that the fascination of the waltz is all powerful, it is difficult to realize the commotion its introduction caused.—London Globe.

Sidetracked.

"I was looking about in Bargen's millinery department today," began the scheming wife, "and I saw the sweetest thing"—

"Yes," interrupted her foxy husband, "that's a great idea of Bargen's to put mirrors all around where you women congregate."—Exchange.

Hard Work Ahead.

Miss Gadd—There goes Jack Poorley. My, he looks as solemn as an undertaker these days! Mr. Batchelor—No wonder. He's going to undertake a wife next week.—Exchange.

Her Failing.

Bank Cashier—You have overdrawn your account, madam. Lovely Lady—That's just like me! My husband says I am always exaggerating everything.—Somerville Journal.

AN ODD REVENGE.

The Visit Hans Christian Andersen Paid His Old Dean.

Among the many amusing things Hans Christian Andersen treated us to was a little anecdote which, curiously enough, since it was so very characteristic of him, he omitted from his autobiography. He mentions in his "Life's Story" that during the autumn of 1844 he was a daily guest of the Danish royal family at Fohr, and was on terms of intimacy both with them and with the family of the Duke of Augustenberg. He told us the following incident about his stay there: It had been one of the mortifications of his younger days that the dean of the diocese, who in his day had confirmed him, had treated him badly, and put the affront on him of placing him, as a poor boy, down in the bottom of the church, among the curate's poor candidates, although he properly belonged up above, among the dean's own. He chanced to hear that this man now held a post in the island of Fohr. "So I asked the king," said Andersen, "if I might for once have one of the royal carriages, with coachman and footman in red livery, the same as the royal family themselves used, placed at my disposal, to pay a visit. The king smiled and said: 'With pleasure.' So I drove out in the royal carriage, with powdered horses, and coachman and footman, to pay a visit to my old reverend dean. The carriage waited outside, while I was in the house. That was my revenge." It seems to me that we have Andersen's whole self, his romantic bent, his old humiliations and his vehement, half childish greed of honor, in this little story.—George Brandes in Contemporary Review.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Famous Painter Was the Son of a Devonshire Rector.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, four miles from Plymouth, in Devonshire, in 1723. His father, rector of the grammar school, early trained him in classical studies, intending his son to be an apothecary, but he displayed such an inclination for drawing, diligently copying the prints which fell in his way, that the father yielded and sent him to London as a student of art. After two years he returned to Devonshire and established himself as a portrait painter in Plymouth, where he was taken up by Commodore Keppel, who, being appointed to the Mediterranean station, invited the young painter to accompany him in his ship, the Centurion. Thus he was able to visit Rome, spending two years there in very close study, especially of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

It was while painting in the corridors of the Vatican that he contracted a cold which brought on the deafness that afterward afflicted him during the rest of his life. Leaving Rome, he visited Parma, where he fell under Correggio's influence, then Florence and Venice, in the latter city studying the works of the great colorists. On his way home he stopped in Paris, making acquaintance with the work of Rubens. Arrived in London, he settled in St. Martin's lane, and painted a portrait of his patron, Commodore (then Lord) Keppel, which laid the foundation of his fortune. Later he established himself in Leicester square, where his house, 47, may still be seen.—St. Nicholas.

The Baby Beetle's Cradle.

If in almost any time of the year we walk through the woods where the red, scarlet, black or pin oaks are growing—that is, where we find those that ripen their acorns in two seasons and therefore belong to the pin oak group—we shall probably find on the ground fallen branches that vary in size from that of a lead pencil to that of one's thumb or even larger. These at the broken end appear as if cut away within the wood, so that only a thin portion is left under the bark. Within the rather uneven cut, generally near the center of the growth, is a small hole tightly plugged by the "powder-post" of a beetle larva. Split open the branch or twig, when a burrow will be seen, and the little, white, soft, hard jawed larva that made it will be found or perhaps the inactive pupa.

A Russian Bear Story.

Here is an old hunting tale from Russia: A certain count was out for bears and, tracking a dam and cubs, shot one of the latter, had it slung into his sleigh and drove for home, about fifty miles distant. Immediately after his arrival his gamekeeper announced that a huge bear had scaled the wall of the park. The count went out and shot it—the dam of the cub which he had killed and brought home! The faithful creature had followed her dead offspring those fifty miles at the same pace as relays of post horses and arrived in time to share the fate of her cub and to have a monument erected where she fell.

Mercury and the Sun.

The distance of Mercury from the sun varies owing to the eccentricity of its orbit. When he is nearest to the sun he receives ten and a half times more light and heat than we do, but when he removes to his greatest distance the light and heat are reduced by more than one-half. Even then, however, the sun blazes in the skies of Mercury with a disc four and a half times larger than that which he shows to us on earth.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!—Exchange.

Corroboration.

Mrs. Biffson—My husband is really the neatest man I ever saw! Mr. Bangs—I should say he was! You ought to see the way he cleaned the up!—Detroit Free Press.

Never strike a man when he is down. Ten chances to one he will get up again.—Detroit News.

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Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won lions of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

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Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estab-lishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A SUDDEN TWINGE

Of pain is generally the first warning of an attack of rheumatism. It feels as if the disease were in the bones or muscles, but the real cause of rheumatism is found in impure blood. In order to cure rheumatism the blood must be cleansed of the poisonous impurities which are the cause of the disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been very successful in the cure of rheumatism, because it entirely cleanses the blood from the poisonous uric acid which is the cause of the disease.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of rheumatism after I had tried a dozen remedies without relief and also gone West in search of health," writes Harry Ritter, of No. 1645 8th Street, Denver, Colo. "Only those who have suffered from this dread malady know the pain and misery I endured for over five years. Whenever the weather was damp or cold my troubles were increased and my joints would be so stiff and sore that I was hardly able to move about, and often unable to dress myself. I used a number of highly recommended medicines, but they had no effect whatever on me, and I came to Colorado hoping to regain my health, but failed to obtain the relief I had hoped for. A gentleman in the house where I lived advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and in four months and a half after I began using it I was a well man, and have had no touch of it for the past seven months."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets These tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Do not forget the "little" pill when you want a cure for constipation. One or two each day for a laxative and regulator, three or four for an active cathartic. Once tried always in favor. Put up in vials—always fresh and reliable.

THE BIG STORE.

Jewett's Refrigerators
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Crockery and Glassware
Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 13, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Floyd Williams of Olean is assisting in L. K. Hogarth's drug store.

—The Commercial House is receiving a new coat of paint and presents an attractive appearance.

—F. E. Tull has had a new porch constructed and his dwelling house on Bank street otherwise improved.

—Edinboro Normal had this term the largest attendance in its history. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Langstaff's Uncle Tom's Cabin company exhibited under canvas near the Camp glass factory Saturday night. The performance was creditable and was witnessed by a large audience.

—The Elks are having a big time in Buffalo this week. Thousands are in attendance at the annual reunion of this order. The Grave to Gay man in the Buffalo News says the water wagon looks lonesome this week.

—A $35,000 fire Monday and a big celebration Tuesday was Bonlette's program last week. No wonder the Record was short two pages on account of a pied form. It was hard luck and Editor Corwin deserves the sympathy of the craft.

—The Free Methodist tent meeting at Island Park continues with increasing interest. Good crowds are in attendance from night to night. The meetings will continue during the week and over next Sunday. Services every afternoon at 2:30 and in the evening at 8 o'clock. All are invited to attend these services.

—Because one of their countrymen was not appointed assistant foreman, 60 Italians in the employ of the Erie railway company at Rasselas went on a strike Friday. The men were discharged from the service, Hughey Nelson officiating as special envoy in closing accounts with the representatives of sunny Italy.—Era.

—At a regular meeting of the Village Board held on Friday evening a petition asking the Board to pass an ordinance against the practice of serenading newly married couples in Bolivar, was read by the clerk. The petition was quite largely signed. As the Board had previously passed an ordinance covering the matter no action was taken except to instruct Policeman McDermott to enforce the old ordinance.—Bolivar Breeze.

—At a hearing before Alderman Foley Friday afternoon, Sarah B. Warner was held in the sum of $200 bail for her appearance at court on the charge of assault and battery preferred by Frank Brockway. The latter alleges that the defendant struck him, and threatened his wife with death.—Bradford Record.

—A random note from the Era says: Panama hats are not so much in demand as they were a few years ago. "Really and truly" Panama hats are very costly articles and it came to pass that imitations costing only trifling sums were introduced and worn very generally by the peasantry. Thus it became difficult to tell a real patrician when one saw him, or to distinguish between the genuine and false in Panamas. Adulteration, even in hats, is discouraging, so the fashion-plate dude in flared up straw millinery is now not so numerous.

An Unmarried Widow.

It would appear that the standard of happiness of at least one African widow in Manhattan had reached high water mark, judging by this advertisement published a few days ago:

Widow, colored, age 34, with high school training, vocalist, excellent cook, desires a husband same age or younger; awful extremely fair clean, sober, moral and never been married. Address WIDOW.

The following personal, printed in a metropolitan newspaper the other day, deserves a class by itself:

A European gentleman wishes to meet an American who is the typical daughter of all that is most admirable in our age; one gifted with the bold frankness of understanding, the enthusiasm of expectancy, the merry cheerfulness of superiority, the psychical and physical alertness of those of tomorrow, the worldly independence of this optimist must be duplicated; view, matrimony.

FESTINA LENTE.

—New York Press.

Knives For Brides.

The custom of giving knives to brides was formerly a common practice, when it was fashionable for women to wear knives sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A wedding offered an opportunity of presenting something novel or ornamental in the cutlery line, and frequent reference to such presents occurs in the plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the "Witch of Edmonton," 1648, for instance, the bride is described as wearing "the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted to one sheath." A list of trinkets usually worn by ladies about 1569 includes girdles, knives, purses and pin cases. In Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631, the bride says to her jealous husband:

"See, at my girdle hang my wedding knives;
With these dispatch me."

Japanese Painting.

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "men's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unchanging properties of human nature must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backward as well as forward. Not one's life labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Japanese. They have also clearly perceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure, while, on the other hand, any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive if only treated in accordance with aesthetic law.

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit, but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, what makes the play of fancy never wearisome, the liberty never mere license, is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that in it we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.—W. M. Cabot in Atlantic.

Power of Fashion.

Though we can neither tell whence fashion comes, nor how, nor what it will do next, nor why it was yesterday one thing, today is something else and tomorrow will be different, nor why it always has been, is now and probably always will be obeyed, it moves steadily forward into that realm of common sense where beauty and utility blend in perfect harmony and ever keeps step with the progress of civilization and culture. No garment can please the man of refined and cultivated taste, however correct it may be in fit, however well it may be tailored or however excellent the materials may be of which it is made, unless it is fashionable, even though it violates no law of art and of itself is a thing of beauty, for without that indescribable something that only fashion can give it is like a flower without fragrance or a time without music.—Sartorial Art Journal.

Two Tales of Macready.

It is not always well to strut and fret one's little hour upon the stage too realistically. Macready, who threw himself into his acting heart and soul, used to tell funny stories about the effect of his easy, colloquial manner upon the players collected for his company in small provincial towns. Once in the play of "William Tell" he turned to one of these stupid rustics and put the question, "Do you shoot?" so naturally that the man was quite thrown off his guard, and, to his horror, replied, "A little, sir, but I've never had a go with one of them crossbows." Another time in "Virginius" he asked, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do so?" only to be greeted unexpectedly by the actor who played Icilius with, "Why, really, sir, I don't care; just as you do it in London."

Sennit.

In Polynesia and the Pacific islands generally the outer husk of the cocoanut is braided into strands of uniform texture, known to the natives as sennit and used by them for a variety of purposes. The framework of their houses is held together by braided sennit, and the strakes of their boats are united by it. It is the staple from which string is made to bind the adze blade to its handle and to tie the different parts of their implements securely together. In short, whatever things are nailed or screwed or pegged or glued in other lands are tied together with sennit by the south sea islander.

One Legged Dinner Party.

A certain gentleman, the possessor of a cork leg, living in one of the London suburbs annually gives a dinner to a dozen owners of a like substitute. In the center of the table are grouped four crutches, around which twine festoons of flowers; miniature legs in ivory compose the handles of the knives and forks, while the piece de resistance is invariably a magnificent turkey that has been deprived of a leg before being brought to table.

English Fish Laws.

Fish, because of its tendency rapidly to decompose, holds a peculiar position among foods. In England it is the subject of a special act of parliament. So long ago as 1698 men knew the evil consequences resulting from eating mackerel of uncertain post mortem age, so they passed an act prohibiting that except during the hours of divine service this fish could be sold on Sunday. That act has never been repealed.

Making It Plain.

Sabridge—Oh, Jessy, Miss Hammerton says she is in love with you. Are you always out when I call? Miss Hammerton—Because I'm too, I suppose. Says [illegible] Miss Hammerton [illegible] the old lady [illegible]

[illegible] fired there [illegible] for [illegible] unless [illegible] the bride has been [illegible]. He [illegible] by exercise, [illegible] to [illegible] recovering rest [illegible] was [illegible] one [illegible] means of promoting [illegible]

Won Over.

Lawyer—I'll be frank with you. You can't break your father's will. Client—I'll be frank with you. I can't pay you unless it can be broken. Lawyer—I'll go you. Enter. We'll break that will.—Chicago Tribune.

His Chance.

He (moodily)—Ah, tell me truly, is there anything that hasn't been said already on the subject of love? She (softly)—Probably not, but I am sure, very sure, indeed, everything on the subject hasn't been said to me.—Puck.

The Difference.

Tim—I'm feeling fine this morning, I was up with the lark. Jim—I'm not feeling so fine this morning, I was up with the lark last night.—Detroit Free Press.

A Remarkable Dwarf.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf on record was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the little fellow whom Scott introduces in "Peveril of the Peak." He was born in Rutlandshire, England, in 1619.

When eight years of age he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta in a cold pie. He afterward became attached to the court of Charles I. At one of the court masks the king's porter, a man of gigantic size, who used to torment the little dwarf, pulled from one pocket a loaf of bread and from the other Jeffrey, much to the surprise and amusement of the company present. Jeffrey was at this time only eighteen inches in height.

He remained at this stature until he was thirty years of age, after which a curious exception to the laws of growth took place, since Jeffrey rapidly grew to be three feet nine inches in height, whereas most men do not grow a quarter of an inch after the age of thirty. This dwarf had an enormous head and very large hands and feet; otherwise his proportions were symmetrical, and his face was considered handsome.—Youth's Companion.

The Useful Donkey.

In Syria, says a traveler, I saw a donkey put to an extraordinary use. One evening just before the dinner hour in our tent the Arab cook rushed hurriedly out of the door of the kitchen tent with a glass carafe in his hand. He went up to the row of donkeys, horses and packages tethered close by. Seizing the tail of the smallest of the donkeys, he hastily thrust it into the carafe, gave it two or three vigorous turns inside the bottle and then as quickly removed the unconcerned tail. Thus he had cleansed the water bottle for our dinner. It is in Syria also that the strange fashion exists of shaving the donkeys' coats in different ways, much as a lady of fashion shaves her French poodle. A choice breed of donkeys, known as "Bagdad mules," is much cherished in the neighborhood of Damascus. Their long, hairy coat, usually of pure white or pale gray, admits of fantastic clipping.

Money Hotel Cashiers Dislike.

"It is a curious habit the great American public has of wanting the kind of money that hotel cashiers dislike and have the least of," said one of those useful functionaries. "Many are the times each day that I am called upon, by ladies especially, for fifty cent pieces. Quarters won't answer. They want half dollars, though why that particular coin I've never been able to understand. No cashier cares to keep halves on hand, but always maintains a good stock of quarters and dimes, for the reason of their greater convenience. Many of the guests also beg for two dollar notes despite the fact that of all forms of currency they are the most objectionable. We never take them voluntarily and pay them out as fast as they come in."—Washington Post.

Ponderous Handel.

Handel was very large, weighing over 200 pounds. His figure was unwieldy and he rolled from side to side as he walked. His hands were so thick and pudgy that people wondered how he could play the harpsichord or organ at all. His face was red and coarse, with a long nose, thick lower lip and full chin with a dimple in it. His eyes were prominent and eyebrows very full. He was a monstrous eater and at times drank heavily. His conceit was stupendous, and he always entertained the idea that there was no music to be compared to his own. He was boorish in manner, quick in temper, and when irritated would sometimes give utterance to a robust oath in the German language. His contemporaries said he looked like a porter.

Orange Trees.

An orange grove in full bearing is one of the most delightful sights the eye can witness. The trees are a beautiful shape if left as nature made them. The limbs come nearly to the ground, so close that an orange picker goes under the tree flat on his back and often cuts 100 oranges from the tree before he comes out. Oranges are never picked, but are cut off with shears having a spring between the handles. An orange that has no stem on it is considered a "cull" and is not packed by a first class packer.

A Chance For Science.

"Scientists have discovered that a caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month."

"Say," replied the dyspeptic billionaire, "I wonder if the scientists have ever done any experimenting in the way of grafting caterpillars' stomachs on other things?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Idea.

"The ancient Chaldeans," observed the professor, "used to write their letters on bricks."

"And a good idea too," chimed in Mr. J. M. Gratball. "Then when a fellow can't collect a fellow's letters back to him he could use 'em to build a stable or something."

That Cozy Feeling.

The Visitor—What a delightfully snug little flat you have! The Renter—Isn't it? When we open the door we're in the middle of the room, and when the sunshine comes in we have to move some of the furniture out.—Chicago Tribune.

Anonymous.

A Birmingham churchwarden was reading at a vestry meeting a list of subscriptions to the parochial funds. The list began as follows: "The vicar, a guinea; Mrs. ——, half a guinea; an anonymous donor, myself, 25 shillings."

Irresistible.

She—How do you suppose his Satanic majesty succeeded in tempting Mother Eve? He—More than likely he told her that apples were good for the complexion.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose and lessens the use to all [illegible].—Taylor.

Indigestion.

Law Notes relates that Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney general of Massachusetts, on visiting the birthplace of Horace Greeley in Amherst, N. H., noticed that there was no placard about the place to inform the public of its historical interest. Accordingly he himself tacked on the house a card which read: "This is the birthplace of Horace Greeley." While he was engaged at this task a passing native paused to read the card, and, turning to Mr. Pillsbury, he remarked with some acidity: "The gall of some of you fellers that hev made money in the city is fairly sickenin'. What do you suppose folks here care whether you was born on this farm or some other farm? There's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you forgit it!"

Carried It With Him.

A short time ago a burial took place at sea from one of his majesty's cruisers. As there were no leads with the stores large pieces of coal were attached to the body in their place. All the crew were summoned on the quarter deck for the burial. Just as the body was being lowered Pat burst out laughing. Next morning the chaplain sent for Pat and asked for an explanation of his laughter at such a very solemn time. "Sure now," replied Pat, "Oi've heard o' many a wan goin' below, but Oi've niver seen wan take 'is coal with 'im afore."—London Tatler.

An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity.—Hazlitt.

INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

F. S. FLOUR now $1.70 in 1-4 bbl. paper sacks.

Quaker 2 pound Rolled Oats have the call, 10c package.

Warm Weather Eatables

Corn Beef, Roast Beef, Veal Loaf, Ham Loaf, Dried Beef, Pitted Cherries, Salmon, Pickled Herring, Cove Oysters, Sardines, Olives, Sweet, Sour or Dill Pickles, Pickled Walnuts, Baked Beans.

Several other articles too numerous to mention which can be served cold, and not heat up the house. Prompt delivery and small orders will receive the same attention as larger ones. Your further favors requested.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

NEW LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' WASH SHIRT WAIST SUITS

just received direct from manufacturers.

This week I have on sale the largest assortment of shirt waist Suits and dressing sacks in town.

Many styles of white lawn, duck, also linen and colored suits for ladies.

Elegant wash suits of different styles and the suspender suits for misses which are so popular just now.

Do not fail to see these suits. Prices very low.

Don't forget that we are prepared with the latest in summer millinery.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 13, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesburre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE. W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN,

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

THE body of the late Revolutionary hero, John Paul Jones, was formally delivered over to the United States government last Thursday. His remains are now on the way to this country.

ASIDE from candidates for county commissioner Democrats in this county do not appear to be anxious to serve their party. Up to date there are three candidates for nomination for this office and none for the others to be elected this fall.

WHILE receiving petitioners Major General Count Shuvaloff, prefect of police at Moscow, and formerly attached to the ministry of the interior, was assassinated Tuesday morning. The assassin waited in the ante-room of the prefecture till the other petitioners had been received and then, entering the audience room, he advanced toward Count Shuvaloff, firing two shots at close range. The bullets passed through the body of the prefect.

FRANK M. FULLER, secretary of the Commonwealth, died at his home in Uniontown, Pa., Monday evening. He was working in his garden when he was stricken with apoplexy and expired immediately. Mr. Fuller was born in Uniontown in 1853. He became a lawyer but cared more for farming and politics. For upward of thirty years he had been active in the affairs of the Republican party in Fayette county and for a considerable time has been the leader in the county.

THE position of Secretary of State, made vacant by the death of John Hay, has been tendered by President Roosevelt to Elihu Root, formerly Secretary of War, and formally accepted by Mr. Root. His appointment gives general satisfaction, Mr. Root being as capable a man as could be found to fill the vacancy. He is a man of rare ability who has had a great deal of experience in national affairs. On two or three occasions, notably during the "Boxer" revolt, he attended, in the absence of Secretary Hay from Washington, to many of the details of the State department work in connection with his duties as Secretary of War, and he enjoyed the experience.

THE order issued by Postmaster General Cortelyou closing the mails to a St. Louis bank, its officers and agents and the man who is alleged to have borrowed its funds for use in his business enterprises is a novel utilization of the authority of the postal department to protect the people from risking their money in unsafe hands. Mr. Cortelyou has undoubtedly acted within the legal prerogatives of his office, but the extension of those prerogatives to cover the case of an established financial institution the credit and resources of which were being diverted into publicly harmful channels is an innovation that has absolutely no shadow of precedent. It is something for which the Postmaster General deserves praise that he has found warrant in the law for so peremptory and unusual a proceeding. The statutes authorize the exclusion from the mails of all gambling and illegitimate undertaking, and it has seemed to him that the St. Louis concern and its branches fall within the prohibition.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., July 8, 1905.

The President has offered the important post of secretary of state to Elihu Root and Mr. Root has accepted. This brief announcement from Oyster Bay will prove an occasion of gratification to the American people who may rest assured that with the international relations of the United States in the hands of so able a man as Elihu Root they will be well safeguarded. The feeling seems to be unanimous among public men and many men in private life who keep in touch with public affairs that the President and the nation are to be congratulated on the wisdom of the President's selection and on the acceptance of a place at the cabinet table by Elihu Root. The splendid work which Mr. Root performed as secretary of war is regarded as a certain guarantee of his success as secretary of state. The masterly manner in which he conducted the affairs relating to the Philippine insurrection, his broad statesmanship, as demonstrated in his conduct of the relations of the United States with Cuba, and his remarkable foresight and constructive ability as displayed in his reorganization of the army and the militia of the nation have all served to demonstrate his remarkable ability and to convince the people, as they have the President, of Mr. Root's pre-eminent ability to conduct with credit and eclat the affairs of any department of the government entrusted to him.

Since leaving the cabinet, eighteen months ago, Mr. Root has been entrusted with numerous legal cases of great importance and it will require at least two weeks for him to sever his connection with his various clients. At the end of that time he will come to Washington and take the oath of office but it is probable that not until autumn will he come back to Washington as a permanent resident. The belief is generally expressed that when Mr. Root does take hold of the affairs of the Department of State he will institute a new regime, that many of the fossils who now cumber one of the offices of the most important departments of the government, will be compelled either to reform their methods and to make some attempts to render a fair return for the compensation they receive or to hand in their resignations. As secretary of war Mr. Root proved a cold, but a just employer. He was quick to recognize merit where merit existed, but was invariably intolerant of slack methods of doing business and gave short shrift to the men who were disposed to regard government employment as a political "snap" carrying with it the privilege of drawing salary without doing much, if any work. As Mr. Root's reputation in this regard has travelled before him there is consternation among the barnacles of the Department of State.

The President's determination to ascertain the actual facts surrounding the conduct of the Panama railway and the effect of its exclusive contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was clearly demonstrated when he suggested to Secretary Taft the appointment of Joseph L. Bristow, former Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, as special commissioner to investigate this important subject. The findings of Mr. Bristow and his recommendations, based on a most thorough investigation of the entire subject, are likely to prove as unwelcome even as Mr. Bristow's own report on the interference of members of Congress with the petty appointments and allowances of the Postoffice Department. That Mr. Bristow has arrived at the facts in connection with this case, however no one who knows him can doubt.

After a most extensive investigation conducted on the ground, Mr. Bristow recommends that the government continue to conduct the Panama railway as a common carrier and that improved facilities for the transportation of freight and passengers be provided as soon as practicable. He urges that the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company be abolished, calling attention to the fact that a congressional committee as far back as 1893 found that the Transcontinental Railway Pool was paying the Panama Railway Company $900,000 a year for the privilege of dictating the rates to be charged for transportation via the isthmus. The commissioner further finds that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has made practically no effort to develop or care for the trade of the Pacific coast, making San Francisco its only port of entry, although there would be ample business to warrant further development of the service. While Mr. Bristow does not say in so many words it is plain to see that in his estimation the Panama railway and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company have found it more profitable to prevent commerce going between the two coasts of the United States by way of Panama, and to accept such share of the spoils as the transcontinental railroads were willing to pay for this discouragement of commerce than to develop that commerce at reasonable rates for transportation. Mr. Bristow recommends that the privilege of transporting commerce between the Panama railway and other ports of North and South America be accorded to any ship seeking the business; that if the Pacific Mail Steamship Company refuses to give adequate service on the Pacific coast an effort be made to induce some other company to do so; that an effort be made to secure efficient service between the isthmus and the gulf ports of the United States and that if such cannot be done the Panama Railway establish its own line of steamers to these ports; that the monopolistic contracts with steamship companies running to South American ports be abolished and that, practically, such relief as is possible be afforded the consumers and shippers from the extortion of the transcontinental railroads. Of course this report will raise a great hue and cry from the railroads and every effort of the powerful railroad lobby in Washington will be directed to preventing the carrying out of Mr. Bristow's recommendations.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

SMETHPORT, PA.

ANNUAL JULY CLEARANCE SALE

As is our custom at this season of the year to empty all shelves and clear all of our counters of Spring and Summer Goods and other lines which have not sold as rapidly as they should have done, and mark them at prices which will be sure to sell them out in a few days.

In addition to our regular stock we have added to this sale a portion of the H. A. Kratzer stock of Dry Goods, of Clearfield, Pa., which we recently purchased at 50c on the dollar.

This is the opportunity of the year in Smethport.

Take advantage of these low prices and buy liberally.

Forestall future needs by buying now. Seasonable and staple goods at about half value.

Sale starts

SATURDAY JULY 15, 1905,

and continues up to and including

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

WASH GOODS NOW NEARLY HALF.

Splendid values to choose from.

At 9 1-2 c

Our 12½c Sea Island Percales in light and dark patterns.

At 9 1-2 c

Best 15c grade German linen, for shirt waist suits.

At 7 1-2 c

12½c quality Batiste in all leading colors.

At 12 1-2 c

Fine 25c grade St. Gall Organdies reduced to 12½c.

At 12 1-2 c

Regular 20c Mohair Lustre in pretty patterns.

At 10 1-2 c

15c Kimono silks in Persian designs. Now 10½c.

At 8c

15c Batiste in floral designs, now 8c per yard.

At 29c

50c Wool Challie in assorted colors and patterns, 50 and 75c all wool vestings, 50 and 60c Cotton Mercerized Vestings, white with black and colored woven stripe. 50c Silk Ginghams, 34 inches wide, all in one lot at one price, 29c yd.

At 9c

A lot of Fancy Cheviots, former price 35c yd, they are suitable for ladies' waist and shirt waist suits, men's outing or negligé shirts. Reduced to 9c yd.

At 12 1-2 c

Full yard wide 25c quality figured and lace striped Madras at exactly half-price 12 1-2 c.

At 9c

A lot of 15c figured Silkolines in odd lengths. Reduced to 9c.

At 6c

Plain Colored Dimities and Lawns, regular price 15c and 25c yd. Reduced to 6c yd.

At 4 1-2 c

Best Standard Prints in light and dark shades.

At 4 1-2 c

Best quality Apron Ginghams, now 4½c yd.

At 7 1-2 c

10 and 12½c Dress Ginghams, Amoskeag and Bates Seersuckers. Reduced to 7½c.

AT HALF PRICE.

A lot of fine wash fabrics in different qualities, all are good styles and patterns, but are in odd and short lengths. Your choice of any at exactly half their regular price.

At 6c

18 inch Russian Crash 10c quality, reduced to 6c yd.

At 3 3-4 c

16 inch Union Crash 6c quality reduced to 3¾c.

At 4 3-4 c

Full yard wide Brown Muslin, best 6c quality, reduced to 4¾c

At 6 1-2 c

Full yard wide genuine Hill Bleached Muslin, reduced to 6½c

At 18c

9-4 Unbleached Sheeting, Regular 22c Quality, Reduced to 18c

GLOVES AND PARASOLS.

At 29c

Ladies' 50c Black Lace Lisle, or white, tan and gray plain lisle gloves, reduced to 29c.

At Half Price.

All Ladies' Parasols, price $2 and up to $5 will be sold at just half their regular price.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

At 2c yd.

Lot No. 1, Val. and Torchon Laces worth from 5 to 8c. Sale price 2c.

At 4c yd

Lot No. 3, Embroidery, Beading and Insertions worth 6 to 8c. Sale price 4c yd.

At 5c yd

Lot No. 2, Val. and Torchon Laces worth from 8 to 12c yd. Sale price 5c yd.

At 8c yd

Another lot of Embroideries, Regular retail price 12½c to 15c. Sale price 8c yd.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

At Warm Weather Prices.

At 7c

Ladies' 10c Ribbed Under Vests.

At 13c

Infants 25c Lace Hose and Sox in black, white, pink, light blue and red, reduced to a half, 13c pr.

At 10c

Ladies' 15c Ribbed Under Vests.

At 19c

Ladies' 25c Embroidered and Lace Hose, reduced to 19c.

At 19c

Ladies' Fine 50c Silk Lisle Vests in pink and light blue.

At 37c

Ladies' 50c Lace Lile Hose, reduced to 37c.

All Children's Underwear at 25 to 33⅓ per cent. Discount.

We have not the space to quote prices on carpets, matting, lace curtains and many other items which will be on sale at prices away below the former selling price. Watch for Hand Bill Left at Your Door.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY, Smethport, Pa.

Summer Stuff

I have a line of the very latest stuff for summer for men and boys.

Our white soft felt hats are just out and very popular in the large towns and college towns.

White shirts with the attached cuffs are always swell.

A new full line of small boys' wash suits.

Fine flannels in trousers or suits in ready or tailor made.

Pongee shirts with soft collar and cuffs attached.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG

AND BUY YOUR

DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,

AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

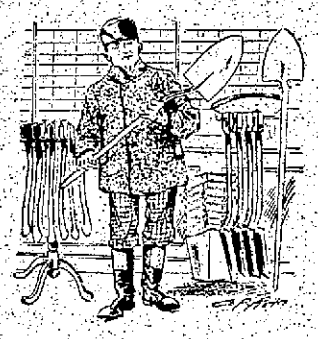
will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.



HAYING TOOLS

The genuine Little Giant Scythe. The best made..... 90c
The Forest City Scythe. A good one for a little money..... 60c
A first quality Scythe Snath. None better..... 70c
Scythe Stones. We have three grades at..... 5c, 10c and 15c
Sections for all standard Mowing Machine, each..... 5c

We are agents for the Champion Hay Rakes. These we believe are the best horse rakes on the market. We have both the Iron and Wood Champion Hay Rakes in stock and are selling the wood for $21.00 and the iron for $23.00.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 13, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Bradford races are on.

—Mary Norris is working in Kane.

—Derrick City vs. Smethport next Tuesday.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained the Euchre Club yesterday afternoon.

—Work on the new fair grounds and race track will be commenced next Tuesday.

—The Princess of Wales gave birth to a son yesterday morning. The cigars are on you, Prince.

Attend the baseball game between Smethport and Derrick City at Kane Field next Tuesday.

—C. W. Oberg of Mt. Jewett has sent in his resignation as postmaster on account of poor health.

—The annual reunion of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is being held in Buffalo this week.

—Fry & Comes have a new ad to-day regarding a clearance sale, which commences Friday morning, July 14, at 9 o'clock.

—Jamestown has sold its baseball team, good will and franchise to DuBois parties. Who wants to buy the Bradford team?—Era.

—J. M. Waterbury, the endurance piano player, performed the feat of playfor 22 hours, 2 minutes and 50 seconds in Bradford this week.

—Victor Clapero, a Frenchman, was struck and fatally injured by a passenger train on the C. & P. A. railroad, near Condersport, one night last week.

—Derrick City was defeated by the Mt. Jewett ball team at the latter town Friday last by a score of 6 to 3. The Mt. Jewett team was strongthened for the occasion.

—Members of the P. H. C. are requested to be present at the meeting next Tuesday night. Initiation will be held and arrangements made for a picnic at Riverhurst.

—The winning teams in the Interstate league Monday administered shut-outs to their opponents as follows: Bradford 4, Jamestown 0; Condersport 5, Erie 0 and Kane 4, Olean 0.

—A number of new uniforms have been ordered for members of the Smethport Hose Co. The company expects to attend the firemen's convention which will be held in Bradford next month.

—Miss Ora Biever entertained the Epworth League Tuesday evening at her home on Water street. During the evening flinch was played and Chas. Masser captured the high prize and Miss Carrie Day the low prize.

—The nobles of Zem Zem Temple Mystic Shrine, and their ladies are enjoying a picnic at Monarch Park, midway between Franklin and Oil City to-day.

—Geo. R. Hamm, aged 91 years, died at the county home Sunday morning. The remains were taken to Kane by relatives where the funeral and burial took place Tuesday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The sermon will be by the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, lately appointed assistant at St. Luke's and St. Matthew's, Eldred.

—The Smethport baseball team will try titles with the Derrick City team at Kane Field next Tuesday afternoon. The home team will try hard to capture the horse shoe that the Derrick City boys carry with them.

—Owing to the increased number of subscribers in Smethport the New York & Pennsylvania Telephone Company has men at work stringing a new cable this week, preparatory to adding an additional switchboard to the Central office.

—Hugh Grant and cousin, Miss Marie McGregor of Aiken, will sail to-day from New York for Ireland to visit relatives and friends. They will make a three months' tour of the British Isles and the continent before returning home.—Tuesday's Era.

—The annual July clearance sale of the Lindholm Company is advertised in enlarged space on the editorial page of this issue. This annual sale has become very popular with careful buyers and it will pay anyone to investigate the great bargains offered.

—A three-year-old girl named Eva Decker of Bingam Center, Potter county, one day last week ran across a room at her home to meet her father. She fell heavily on the floor, striking upon her stomach, and died in less than half an hour. It is thought her spine was injured by the fall.

—Joseph Dixon of Cleveland, while alighting from a B., R. & P. train at Dents Wednesday morning, lost his footing in some manner and was thrown to the ground, the rear step on the caboose striking him across the back and injuring him in a painful manner. He was brought to Bradford and was taken to the hospital, where he received surgical treatment.—Era.

—In the parlors of the Hotel Imperial on Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock Rev. Father P. Cosgrove united in marriage Miss Mary Griffin of Smethport and Mr. James Kellett of Philadelphia. Miss Harrietta Fullerton and Mr. George Griffin, a brother of the bride, both of this place, acted as bridesmaid and best man. The happy young couple will pass the summer in Philadelphia, returning to this place in the fall where they will make their home.

—Miss Eva Hopper entertained a number of her young friends at a birthday party Thursday evening. An enjoyable feature of the entertainment was a guessing contest. Miss Ruth Holmes and Harry Sasse received first prizes, while consolation honors fell to Miss Elsie Sherer and Albert Powell.

—Breathe it not aloud, but it is stated on good authority that the popular game of flinch is but an adoption from playing cards to numbers of the Chinese national gambling game of fan-tan. This is a sad blow to the innocence of flinch, but people who are familiar with both games will readily see the resemblance.

—The services at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday are as follows: Preaching by the pastor, Dr. A. C. Willey at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Class meeting at 10 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League at 7 p. m. Midweek service on Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public cordially invited.

—Sunday services at First Baptist church at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. The morning subject, "Unquestioning Obedience"; evening subject, "Character." Bible study at noon; C. E. at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are invited to these services. Strangers cordially welcome. Rev. Wm. A. Day, pastor.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Stone of Rochester, N. Y., celebrated their golden wedding July 3. Among the out-of-town guests were: Hon. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong, Mrs. Flora Hogurth, Mrs. Dudley Gifford, Mrs. B. F. Wright, Mrs. F. A. Mason, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Emma Gifford and Miss Ida Bennett, all of Smethport and Mrs. Emma Sprague of Buffalo.

—A young man named Fred A. Conner of Oil City is under $1,000 bail for appearance at a hearing July 19, on a charge of sending an obscene letter through the mail. The plaintiff is a young lady of Franklin, who showed a letter, couched in the vilest language, to a U. S. commissioner, and alleges that Conner was the writer. It appears that the woman in the case had jilted Conner.

—Harriet Alice Clarke Lunn of Hazelhurst was examined by Dr. John Brown and Dr. W. A. Ostrander, Tuesday, and pronounced insane. She will be taken to the Warren asylum. The unfortunate woman recently returned from Dicksmont Sanitarium where she was sent from Allegheny county, and was staying with relatives, but a return of her malady made further treatment necessary.

—There are plenty of musicians in town at present to form a good band. A properly conducted organization should receive good support from the people of the town. At different periods in the past Smethport has been represented by a first class band and there is no question but that it was a benefit to the town. Several capable men would confer a public service by forming an organization that will "stick together."

—If the average man would keep his eye on his employer's interests as steadily as he does on the clock the days would not seem so long. If he paid more attention to the quality of the work and less to the quantity of his pay he would soon discover a tendency to obesity in his Saturday's envelope. If he expended less time and care and energy in strikes and concentrated his powers to making the best use of his steady earnings his growing surplus would develop independence and capacity.—Cent per Cent for July.

—Representatives from nearly all the Sabbath schools of Smethport borough and Keating township gathered at the M. E. church Monday evening. After discussion of important phases of work by various clergymen and laymen an organization was effected with the following officers: President, W. A. Anderfer, Smethport; vice president, Mr. Culberson, Coleville; secretary-treasurer, Miss Ruth Oviatt, East Smethport; executive committee, the above officers and E. W. Strong of Smethport and Mr. Jackson of Simpson.

—Maude Adams, the actress, tells this: A colored "gemman," name unknown, but called "Culpepper Pete," who, being enamored of some dusky maiden and not having the courage to "pop" face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. When he got the proper party on the line he asked: "Is dat Miss Johnsing?" "Ya-as." "Well Miss Johnsing I've got a most important question to ask you." "Ya-as." "Will you marry me?" "Ya-as. Who is it, please?"—Boston Herald.

—Charles Ostrander was seriously injured while working at Bemis Mills Friday morning. He was on a roll way of logs, using a lever, which gave way and he was thrown a distance of about ten feet, striking across a large log, breaking three ribs. He was taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. Alfred Studley. Dr. J. B. Colcord was called and the young man is resting comfortably at this time, and unless something unforeseen appears, will soon be out again. His mother, Mrs. Orosby Ostrander, is caring for him.—Port Allegany Argus.

Homeseekers' Excursion

via the Missouri Pacific Ry. to points in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Old and New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Colorado and Utah, at very low rates. Tickets sold on first and third Tuesdays of each month. For information address Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Personal Mention.

W. H. Morrison visited Bradford last Saturday.

Mrs. T. J. Young is visiting in New York City.

Fred Capehart of Coudersport was in town yesterday.

F. H. Brennan was down from Hazelhurst on Monday.

Robert Lewis of Coudersport had business in town Monday.

Miss Josephine Monroe visited friends in Mt. Jewett Sunday.

Miss Nellie Hart of New Castle is visiting Miss Mabel Camp.

Thomas Camp was a business visitor in Cleveland this week.

Miss Bertha Layton visited her home in Crosby over Sunday.

John Larkin of Olean was transacting business in town Monday.

Harry Camp of Mt. Jewett visited Smethport friends Tuesday.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford are in town this week.

Miss Sophia Hafner was in Bradford Saturday last a guest of friends.

H. M. Choate is attending the Elks' convention in Buffalo this week.

Sheriff Mays left Monday for San Francisco and other western points.

Mrs. Margaret Algire of Bradford was calling on relatives in town Monday.

Mrs. Blake of Eldred was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus, Monday.

Miss Flora A. Morton of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. C. Willey.

Warley Gifford departed Tuesday afternoon for Buffalo to attend the Elks' reunion.

Mrs. Thos. Camp and daughter, Miss Mabel, visited Bradford and Mt. Jewett yesterday.

Mrs. C. D. Warren and children went to Smethport Friday to visit friends.—Ulysses Sentinel.

Miss Marion Hafner returned from Dunkirk Saturday last where she had been visiting relatives.

Misses Donna Reynolds and Lina Booth of Bolivar, N. Y. are visiting A. L. Colegrove and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Malcolm and children have gone to Harrod, Ohio, where they will pass the summer.

Misses Ruth Holmes, Eva Hopper, Velma Allen and Zela Brasted enjoyed a picnic at Riverhurst Monday.

Miss Edna Keenan of New York City is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Landis and daughter of Harrisburg were guests of C. A. Burdick and family this week.

Frank Purtle joined Langstaff's Uncle Tom's Cabin company, Monday, and will play cornet in band and orchestra.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and daughter, Miss Rita, departed yesterday for Toronto, Ohio, where they will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. King and daughters, Misses Rose and Bessie, of Port Allegany were visiting friends in town Monday.

Chas. McKean, E. E. Heath, Cort Corwin, Leo Keonig, Tom Cole and R. C. Sasse are camping on Potato creek this week.

Master John Carr and Miss Roby of Alexandria, Va., are spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Enos Carr of this place.

Misses Lois Young, Helen McCoy, Ida Rubin and May Choate are sojourning at Frog Camp on the headwaters of Potato creek.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moorehouse and son, James, of Utica, Ohio, are guests of A. S. Moorehouse and family of East King street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell left Tuesday morning for Buffalo where they will attend the Elks' convention.

Miss Velma Allen of Canisteo, N. Y., who has been a guest of Miss Eva Hopper, departed yesterday for St. Marys, where she will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells and daughter, Irma, are visiting in Buffalo this week. Mrs. Wells and Miss Irma will visit in Canada before returning home.

Mrs. A. R. Braden, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham for the past four weeks, has returned to her home in Clarington, Pa.

Misses Lois and Hazel Green, Orra and Mildred Gleason, Theo Gifford and Katherine Mayo, and Messrs. Alfred and Albert Powell, Floyd Hinman, Neil Gleason and Harry Sasse of Smethport, Christine Rose of Port Allegany and Adah Latta of Friendship, N. Y., formed a merry party of young people, who departed yesterday for camping grounds in the vicinity of Ceres. The party will be chaperoned by Mrs. Ralph Bell of Ceres, N. Y.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

The celebrated Ney hay carriers, and horse forks at J. C. Hamlin's.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal.

Fall term of 16 weeks begins September 11th. The facilities at this important school for doing first-class work, professional and academic, were never better than now. Its graduates are required to do a full year's teaching in the training school. Its faculty has the best American and European training. Buildings modern. College Preparatory department. Location unexcelled. Fine Gymnasium. Expense moderate. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

FRY & COMES OUR GREAT TALK

CLEARANCE SALE

Your Dollars Stretched---FREE

Just that—we stretch your dollars free. By that we mean we make your dollars go farther—purchase more goods than ever before and we don't bring down qualities and give you trashy goods as a charge for this dollar stretching.

No indeed—every offering is from our regular stocks—our usual good, dependable merchandise in every respect.

It's different from other sales in more than one way—assortments are larger,—goods are better,—and prices are lots lower.

Come, if you haven't been here—If you have we are sure you will again.

SALE BEGINS FRIDAY AT THE HOUR OF NINE.

SHIRT WAISTS

A good assortment of the most desirable styles in white and colored waists.

A few Habutai Silks

Regular prices 50c to $3.50

25c 50c $1.00 $2.00

Ladies' Neckwear & Belts

3 lots values up to $1.00

10c 15c & 50c

PETTICOATS

The best makes in colored ginghams and black mercerized. They've been going at 75c $1.00 and $2.25.

50c 75c & $1.50

CORSETS

Some odd lots of "P. N.," "Puritan," "Cresco," "Balls," and "Thompsons Glove Fitting" $1.00 & $1.50 grades

68c

GLOVES

Broken assortments of silk and lisle gloves. Plain and lace styles 50c and 75c goods.

38c

SKIRTS

Our entire stock of ladies' skirts for dress and street wear ⅓ off values up to $7.50

$1.50 to $5.00

WASH GOODS

All of the remaining fancies in wash goods in two lots about half price

Per yd. 7c, 13½c

SILKS

A few pattern lengths for Shirt Waist Suits.

One Fourth off.

Per yd. 38c, 50c, 75c

SHIRTS

About fifty men's Monarch and Cluett shirts in dark colors, sizes 14 to 17. Dollar and Dollar Fifty Grades.

Not the cream of course but most of them very desirable patterns of this season's output

75c

COLLARS

"Arrow Brand" goods in all styles including the very latest shapes. The regular price you know is 15c. During this sale

9c 3 for 25c

SUSPENDERS

All 25c grades in light and heavy weights.

19c

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

A Topic of to-day is: "How to get the most comfort during the hot days?"

A nice hammock is a great place to spend a hot afternoon. Ours are strong yet pretty and are just the thing for picnics and camping parties. Come and see them and get prices before buying elsewhere.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

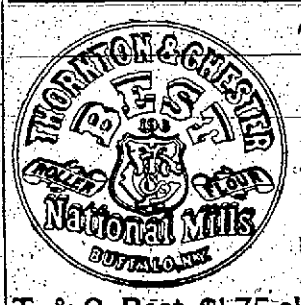
DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING

PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.



THORNTON & CHESTER

FLOURS

Make the Bread That Tastes Best

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

T. & C. Best, $1.75 sk. Pure Gold $1.70 sk.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

When Betty Spoke

By LOUISE J. STRONG

Copyright, 1902, by Louise J. Strong.

Betty peeped out cautiously. She would not have them see her for a fortune. Yes, there was Bert, the center of the jolly crowd, and Addie at his elbow. That had been her (Betty's) place for so long that it had come to be considered— And it might have been hers yet if Bert had not— Oh, well, of course she was some to blame. It was not all Bert's fault. She admitted that reluctantly, for Betty thought a good deal of her little self. He was dreadfully provoking, but they would have made up weeks ago if she had not gone to such lengths and reared an impassable barrier between them.

"And that's the truth, Betty Brown!" she apostrophized now. "Why did I do such a ridiculous thing? I might just have said I'd never speak to him again, girls always say that. And I ought to have stopped there, but when he grinned so knowingly, as if there was nothing in that, as there isn't usually, I let it provoke me into declaring that if I ever did speak to him again it would be because I had made up my mind to marry him. Why, it will be the same as proposing if I ever speak to him now, when I've evaded— I can never do it," she sighed.

Bert had not been greatly crushed by her ultimatum. He spoke to her cordially at every opportunity in spite of her nonresponse with something like elated expectancy in his manner that stung Betty to a more determined stubbornness.

"I suppose he thinks I will, but he'll see," she said firmly.

She had persisted in ignoring him fully until at length he seemed to conclude that it was hopeless and avoided meeting her. All the time, of course, Betty had been hoping he would, somehow, make her speak, though she would not have confessed it; nor the disappointment she felt at his finally abandoning his efforts and accepting the situation.

She flirted desperately, which gave her small satisfaction, as it apparently did not disturb him in the least. He flirted, too, and so fervidly that it began to look serious in regard to Addie Stark. Betty felt that she was losing all the fun of life and all the joy as well.

She had simulated successfully a gayety of spirits almost boisterous at the moonlight skating party, but had really been so miserable at seeing those two, Bert and Addie, gliding about, always together, that she had determined not to go to the coasting route. She had refused all offers of escort, but now, at the passing of the gay party, she suddenly changed her mind, whipped on her suit, tucked the bedraggled cap on her curls and darted after Ned and his chum, who had just started.

"Tagging!" Ned chaffed. But he made no objection, for Betty was as good at coasting as any boy of them, fully as fearless and as fleet footed, and now she rushed with them down alleys, through back yards and over fences, going across lots the nearest way.

Thus when the crowd arrived Miss Betty was triumphantly sailing down the longest, steepest course with the yelling boys, cheered by the mob of town youths usually on the hill.

Most of the girls confined themselves to the short, easy slope at the side, unless in charge of a strong, capable escort.

"It is dangerous, just with those boys, Betty," remonstrated her friend, Alice Hoover.

"And it is unladylike for a girl to go floundering down with a gang of fellows," commented Addie Stark, superciliously.

"You don't dare to, that's all," Betty retorted.

"I'm not the only one," Bert said"—

Bert's appearance cut short the speech, and, laughing shrilly, Betty ran away to the boys and coaxed them over to a still steeper spot, where only the more skillful and daring ventured. Her blood was boiling! So Bert had been criticising her to Addie! It seemed the boldest treachery. As for Addie—the little cat!—she was envious because she had not the courage to undertake the long descent. She looked scornfully over at Bert, taking tame little flights, with Addie clinging to him shrieking in exaggerated fear. Betty knew how he loved the rush of the long hill, with the jounce at the end that sent them flying across the bottom. They had taken it together many times. Now it was unladylike of her, was it—and she with her own brother!

Her indignation grew, and with it her recklessness. Little by little she drew the boys toward the post that bore a danger sign, which marked the limit of the coasting ground. Beyond the post the hill was fine, but at the foot the railroad swung up against it as if curved to cross the river, and it was not easy to see a train till it was close at hand. It was plainly no place for coasting, though a few ventured at times, the spice of danger adding zest to the sport.

Betty had always wanted to swoop down and fly across the track, perhaps catching sight of an oncoming train. It would be thrilling! But she had no intention of undertaking it now, though in the mood to go as near it as possible.

"Look out, Ned!" some one called. "You're getting too close there! Better come back."

"There isn't a bit of danger," Betty laughed as they flashed by.

"But you'd better come over here," Will White urged when Betty and the boys had climbed the hill and were preparing to descend again.

"You're so close now a little bump would throw you on the track. Don't you see that, Betty?" Alice interposed anxiously.

"Oh, Betty wants to show off!" Addie sneered, and unfortunately at the same instant Bert commanded:

"Ned, you boys bring your sleds over here at once! You're foolhardy!"

With scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes Betty snatched a sled and ran to a point directly over the railroad and prepared for a downward flight alone. Command her, would he? Of course he meant her! She'd show him! There was an uproar of warning shouts from the young men and shrieks from the girls, but Betty was too angry to heed. As she started another sled shot down diagonally and midway the hill ran into hers, throwing them both into the deeper snow, where they rolled over and over and brought up at last in a tangle on the brink of a plunge just as a train swept along below.

White and shaking at the narrow escape, Betty took herself off the head of her rescuer, sobbing:

"Oh, Bert, Bert! Have I killed you?" At the instant of collision she had seen who it was attempting to stay her foolish flight at the risk of his life. She had been too angry and excited to understand that a train was coming—but she had been silly, so silly!"

She covered her face as Bert sat up, saying as he brushed the snow from his eyes:

"It's got to be soon, sweetheart, so I can take proper care of my wife!"

"But you called me unladylike to Addie, and this would be"—

"It's a mistake. When Addie called you unladylike I said you were just a good, sweet, wholesome girl and no lucky lady," he explained, adding calmly: "They think we are about killed, we are so long stirring. They'll be on us in a minute, but we sit here till we understand there's no going back on what you said. You've spoken to me, you know."

"Y-yes," she admitted faintly.

"And you'll fulfill your word soon? They're most here!"

"Y-yes," she said again, blushing hotly.

And he swung her to her feet as the crowd surged about them.

American After Dinner Wit.

"After Dinner Oratory In America" appears to be one of the subjects forever interesting to the British reader. The manner of it would seem to pique him a little and shock him at the same time. In the Nineteenth Century Daniel Crilly gives some account of the origin of the peculiar American habit of treating serious matters humorously after dinner and contrasts a banquet in New York with, say, a Mansion House dinner in London. He quotes Lowell's ingredients of after dinner oratory. "They are," said Lowell, "the joke, the quotation and the platitude, and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius." As an example of American wit Mr. Crilly gives the following:

"I chanced to be in Chicago (said this gentleman at a dinner board to a company of fellow New Englanders) two or three days after the great fire of 1871. As I walked among the smoking ruins if I saw a man with a cheerful air I knew that he was a resident of Chicago. If I saw a man with a long face I knew that he represented a Hartford Insurance company. Really the cheerful resignation with which the Chicago people endured the losses of New England did honor to human nature."

Prisoners of a Great City.

A husband and his wife, respectable looking and well dressed, recently moved into a detached house in the Bronx. They were very quiet and did not mingle with their neighbors, but seemed to enjoy their surroundings, particularly the garden, in which they began work at once.

Of course the neighbors were curious, but all early efforts to find out who the couple were or where they came from proved of no avail. Finally one of the neighbors, meeting the man one day, asked him outright how long he had lived in New York and what his business was.

"Our past is a secret," said the man, "and we are trying to live it down. My wife and I have just completed a long term in prison, and we are now quietly enjoying life."

"Well," said the neighbor, "I am astonished at what you tell me. But I for one do not want to continue to punish those who have paid the penalty of errors in life. What prison were you confined in, may I ask?"

A merry twinkle came into the eyes of the man as he said: "It was a Harlem flat. We were confined there three years!"—New York Press.

Dealing With Bores.

An amusing incident is related of the efforts of certain devotees of cards at a club in New York to rid themselves of unwelcome suggestions as to their style of play vouchsafed by bores who persisted in standing about and looking over the hands of the players.

One evening one of the players, perhaps the most skilful of any of the members of the club, could endure the nuisance no longer. Rising, he politely asked one of the bores to play the hand for him until his return. The bore took the cards, and the player left the room. Soon afterward the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for awhile without observing the lapse of time. Finally one of them called an attendant and asked:

"Where are the gentlemen who were playing here awhile ago?"

The attendant grinned. "They're in the next room, sir, playing cards."—New York Tribune.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

REMARKABLE DUELS.

Fantastic Contests That Tried Men's Nerve and Courage.

Two heavy weights suspended from a beam by slender cords were the weapons chosen by two Parisians named Durier and Voisin to terminate their rivalry for the hand of a pretty actress. Beneath a weight each took his stand, there to remain until the breaking of one or the other of the cords should decide his fate. For more than four hours they remained motionless, when the cord attached to Durier's weight snapped, and the ponderous mass of metal, falling upon the man beneath, struck him to the ground. Fortunately, however, it just missed his head, and he escaped with no worse damage than a severe shock and a broken collar bone.

Somewhat prolonged was the duel waged a few years back at a well known Yorkshire seaside resort, to decide which of two young men should surrender his claim to the hand of a local publican's daughter. The rivals both prided themselves upon their natatory prowess, so it was agreed that he who should first miss his morning's swim in the open should withdraw his pretension to the lady's hand. For nine months and more each took his matutinal swim, but at length there came a day of such furious storm that one turned faint hearted and refused to dare the tempestuous billows. The other, however, at considerable risk, dashed into the foaming sea, and, although he was badly cut and bruised, emerged a triumphant winner.

Another amicous duel occurred some years since, the location being the lake of Geneva and the contestants a Swiss named Zellner and one Lenoir, a Frenchman, who agreed that he who could remain the longest beneath the surface of the water should without interruption or hindrance from the other be permitted to pay his addresses to the daughter of a wealthy tradesman. The rivals dived simultaneously, and more than two minutes elapsed ere Zellner's head appeared above the surface. There was no sign, however, of his rival, after whom when yet another two minutes had sped a couple of onlookers dived and succeeded in recovering his senseless body. Restoratives were successfully applied, and on Lenoir's recovering consciousness he was proclaimed the victor.

At the time of Sussi's forty day fast at the Westminster aquarium, some years ago, a couple of young Italians, also agreed by emulating his example to decide which of them should first propose for the hand of a girl who had hitherto regarded them with a seemingly impartial affection. Four days was sufficient ordeal for one, who, refusing any longer to abstain from food, left the field clear to his rival, whose proposal, however, met with scant consideration from the lady, who declared that she would not intrust her future to the keeping of such a fool as he had proved himself. Needless to say his rivals reception was equally glacial.

During a very severe winter in the last century a couple of Germans, natives of Dresden, resolved for love of a woman to fight a duel to the death. Very fantastic was the method employed. Without provision of any kind and clad only in the lightest of clothes, they went out into the country, there to remain without shelter until one or other of them should succumb to the cold. Three days after their departure a wretched object crawled back into the town. Ten miles distant his rival, frozen to death, lay beneath the falling snow.—London Tit-Bits.

They Bought Burning Houses.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his "Satires," and we hear of it also from historians. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene, attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owners, who were glad to accept anything as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste, this earliest of fire assurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup. It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances.

Thus Cato the elder, and, above all, Crassus laid the foundations of their wealth. The latter had a passion for such gambling. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves, of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

The Word "Tram."

Residents of Great Britain call street cars trams. The term is old. Three hundred and fifty years ago an Englishman left the following item in his will: "To the amendinge of the highwaye or tram from the weste ende of Bydgegait in Barnard castle, 20 shillings." This "tram" was a plank road. Whether it was the ancestor of the tram of today or merely an etymological relation is not quite clear. The forefather of all the trams was a Scandinavian word meaning a log. In time tram in Scotland came to mean a beam, a cart shaft or the cart itself, and perhaps it is to this rather than to the tram that was a plank in a log road that the modern sense traces its origin. At any rate, etymologists affirm that the derivation from the name of Benjamin Outram, who improved rail tracks about 1800, is absurd.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

JAPANESE WHALERS.

The Curious Way They Do Their Work With Nets and Knives.

Whales are captured in nets by the Japanese. The whalers put off from the shore as quietly as possible, and when they come within the proper distance of their objective the boats, which have hitherto worked in couples, separate and, dropping their nets as they go, work around to the rear and flanks of their expected kill. The nets are made in large squares; each side being about forty feet long. One net is composed of six squares in line, and the squares are fastened to each other tightly. When all is ready the boats which have been worked around to the rear of the whale then commence to drive him gently toward the nets. Moving along lazily at first, the whale soon realizes that something untoward is happening and, hurrying forward, dashes on to one of the nets. This is the critical moment, and when the fishermen see that the whale is well in the center of one of the squares they raise a great shout and charge in upon him.

When the whale is about spent a man chosen for his strength, activity, pluck, coolness and general fitness for his work then leaps upon his back and with a great triangular shaped knife proceeds to cut two great gashes in his body just back of his head. Through the underlying blubber and these two gashes he passes a rope and, knotting it, makes a loop of it. He then repeats the same operation as far back on his body as he can. When the fight has been completely knocked out of the whale, boats range alongside of him, and by the help of the hops already mentioned the hapless cetacean is slung between them in such a manner as to minimize the danger of his carcass sinking.

Then the boats form in procession, and, making for the shore, there commences the most curious part of the whole affair. The whalers, with real fervor and in the most solemn manner possible, begin a chanting prayer for the ease of the departing spirit by calling out "Jorakul Jorakul Jorakul" in low, deep tones. Upon the third day after the kill a memorial service is held in the village temple, and prayers are offered for the repose of the dead whale's soul.—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How many men work too hard? How many do you know?

Every good husband is henpecked. That's all there is to it.

Classical music is like some people—very hard to understand.

It is said that a farmer gets the best work out of a farm hand who is aspiring to be his son-in-law.

Perhaps one reason why a poor man lives longer than a rich one is that the doctors don't take so much interest in him.

When an economical man suffers a ten dollar loss he cuts off extravagances reaching to $50 before he feels right about it.

If you have faults the idea is not to humiliate yourself by acknowledging them to your enemies, but to get over them if possible for your own good.—Atchison Globe.

Leaping Treason.

King William III. of England was passionately fond of the chase and made it a point never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took advantage of this to plan the most perfidious design which was ever formed against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost and took the most desperate leaps in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous that the king when he came to the spot shook his head and drew back. It is said that Mr. Cherry at length broke his own neck and thereby relieved the king from further hazard.

Rossini's Jealousy.

Rossini was intolerably jealous of all his musical contemporaries and particularly of Meyerbeer. In 1836 he heard "The Huguenots," and on listening to the performance from the beginning to the end he made up his mind that Meyerbeer had excelled him and determined to write no more. He lived until 1868, but produced nothing for the lyric stage. His thirty-two years of retirement were spent in the pleasures of a voluptuary. He was particularly fond of good eating and drinking and assembled about him the youngest and gayest society he could attract to his house.

A Roumanian Custom.

A strange custom is still observed in Roumania which reminds one strongly of Robinson Crusoe. When a servant has displeased his or her master the offender takes his boots in his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission, and the boots are either kicked away as an intimation that the fault will not be forgiven or else the servant is told to place them on his feet, which shows that he is forgiven.

Inherited.

Settlement Worker—What a well behaved little boy he is! The Burglar's Wife—And he comes by it natural, mum. His poor father never failed to have a sentence reduced owing to good behavior.—Puck.

Shattered Ideal.

"Paw, what does it mean where it says here that the girl's ideal was shattered?"

"Why, it means she found that she could marry a wealthier man."—Detroit Tribune.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chorle, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. McLave, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; E. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jno. McKean, A. A. Abbey, F. E. Bromley, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. L. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. Q. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chorle, A. B. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivie.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

CHAS. RUSH, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 337, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KILDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDS, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 3 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:45 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Buffet Sleeping car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:23 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

2:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 3:20 a. m., Washington 4:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:25 p. m.—Train 16, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:30

a. m., week days (10:25 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days, (10:28 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled, day and sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:30 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv		Ar. P. M.
7:20	Ridgway	11:50
7:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
7:55	Glen Hazel	11:15
8:07	Straight	11:04
8:12	Instanter	10:59
8:20	Sicture Rock	10:52
8:29	Woodvale	10:45
8:35	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:35 a. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Pass.-ger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa South daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	8:20	1:40	6:15
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:55	6:45
Kane	9:25	2:35	9:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00	12:15	4:55
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:20	5:06
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Bonner R. R.

A. E. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt., Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In effect Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 12:30 p. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.), St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:45 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 3:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 5:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 6:20 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:35 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Coudersport & Port Allegany

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv	Westward.		
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Ar.	Lv	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell		7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	"	1.57	Carpenter		"	2.34	"
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc		7.37	2.42	9.32
"	"	1.45	Newfield		7.41	2.46	"
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.47
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's		8.03	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	"	1.05	N. Couds'pt		"	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.				P.M.
4.30	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.25
"	"	12.12	Hammond		"	"	"
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	"	11.59	Knowlton		"	6.12	"
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.22	1.57
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	"	11.41	Colemans		"	6.34	"
3.20	"	"	Chem. Wks		"	"	"
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

a—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

good reliable companies

HER ROSE JAR

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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Neither one spoke, although Temple lifted his cap mechanically and waited, not knowing what else he would do.

She did the most sensible, natural thing under the circumstances and the most characteristic as well. She simply laughed up at him and put out one slim, bare hand in friendly fashion.

"Isn't it a glorious morning? It is my first Easter at sea. I came out early on purpose for the sunrise. Let's take the other side of the boat."

"You get the wind there," Temple hesitated.

"I like the wind," she said happily. "Every one keeps to the cozy, sheltered side of things. If you hunt the windy side you hunt alone."

He followed her in silence. It was over two years since he had seen her. There was a half acknowledged little twinge of annoyance in him now. Vaguely he had never expected to see her again. He tried to remember just

"WE'RE RUN AWAY, YOU KNOW."

how far the engagement had gone—three weeks, about. He had not even finished college. He had been an idiot of a kid ready to fall in love and out again six times a week and twice on Sundays.

And Geraldine Moore had been his first serious affair, the first girl he had ever thought he could not live without. She had been a delicious sort of girl, a willful, madcap, tantalizing girl, with an undercurrent of dreamy southern mysticism in her gentler moods that seemed to give promise of a splendid womanhood.

She had broken the engagement herself. He had believed she broke his heart as well. And then at college the news had come to him of her marriage with Kingsley Haines. It had brought him out of boyish cynicism with a jerk. After the first cold water shock he had felt inclined to congratulate himself more than Kingsley. He caught rumors of their honeymoon pace now and then. It was not a steady one. After three months in Europe Kingsley had come back home, and Mrs. Haines had remained in Paris with her mother. At this point rumor stopped and let imagination fill in the gap.

Temple's imagination was an active one, and he felt cordially sorry for Haines when news came that he had broken his neck in an ugly fall out on Long Island in a cross country run.

That had been a year ago. So much had developed in Temple's life since then that he did not realize how completely he had forgotten Mrs. Haines until he met her face to face Easter morning 200 miles from Southampton on an ocean liner.

She stopped suddenly in front of two deserted chairs.

"We can sit here a moment. Have you had breakfast? No? Neither have I. Doesn't the sea look like a Mexican opal? There's a sunrise in every wave. Talk to me. Was it two years ago or 2,000?"

She was laughing. Temple joined in it with an effort. He was devoutly wishing it had been 2,000 years ago. She watched his face with keen, merry eyes.

"It isn't pleasant to remember, is it, Archie? Isn't it queer, no man likes to remember old love affairs. He always buries them decently and resents any impromptu resurrections."

"And a woman?"

She shrugged her shoulders and looked out at the opal tinted sea.

"To a woman old loves are only rose leaves faded. She generally loves the fragrance of her rose jar."

Temple squared his shoulders slightly.

"But she hunts the fresh roses for everyday use every time," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Haines' eyebrows lifted, but she was not displeased.

"Do you bear malice so late in the day? You must not. If it hurt you, Archie," she hesitated an instant, and went on softly, "be assured you had full, unconscious revenge. If I made a mistake, I have paid a penalty even your malice would not have exacted."

Temple was silent. He wished she would not take that tone with him. It was not right. Kingsley had been his friend.

"Is there any one else you know on board?" he asked presently.

"None so far, only Margaret Sloane I saw her last night for a moment. How she has developed! Last time I saw her she was riding a crazy polo pony on a dead gallop with her brothers out at Lakewood. She wasn't sixteen then. She's a perfect sensation now. That tint of red hair in a child is simply superb in a woman. Do you know her?"

"Know Margaret?" Temple chuckled himself. "Oh, yes, I know her."

"I wonder who she is with. Wasn't she engaged or something? I heard a pretty story of some little romance she had just before her coming out. A girl should not entangle herself before she is a debutante. It takes the freshness of the rosebud, don't you know."

"Yes, I suppose it does," said Temple carelessly. "None before, but all she can get after. That's the unwritten law in those things, isn't it?"

"Don't be snappy. It shows age and disappointment. A man is never a cynic until he has tasted sour grapes, and you are not old, Archie—twenty-five. You see I know, because there is only a year between us."

"There are two." Temple smiled at her and rose from his chair. He had caught a glimpse of a figure in brown coming toward them. "Two thousand."

"Good morning, everybody," called Margaret. "Why don't you wait for me, Arch? Isn't he a terrible boy, Mrs. Haines?"

Temple put his arm around her and laughed as the wind blew wisps of curly hair across his lips.

"I haven't told the secret yet, Peggie," he said. "We may as well start in with Mrs. Haines. It will all come out by the time we land in New York."

"Of course it will, and who's afraid?" She smiled down at Mrs. Haines joyously. "We've run away, you know. It's a whole month now. We were married in New York and caught the first boat over, and we've had the greatest time honeymooning and not answering cables or letters or anything. I didn't want to be a debutante and fuss around everywhere for a year or so, and Archie and I had been engaged nearly a year, so we just settled things ourselves and ran away. You used to know Arch, didn't you?"

Mrs. Haines kissed the bride very gently and graciously. She did not look at Temple.

"A long time ago, dear. He is a splendid boy, and I know you will be happy, both of you. I wish I could give you lilies this morning. Easter and lilies and young love always seem to go together. But I have only the faded leaves of a rose jar 2,000 years old." She hesitated.

Temple was looking out at the waves of rose and pearl, his face pressed tenderly to the red brown curls. They had forgotten her, and after a moment she went quietly away from them, back to the sheltered side of the boat where the rest of the world took its morning stroll.

Unwonted Luxury.

When the old house which had belonged to Squire Potter in the days of his youth was bought by Sam White of Pottersville and made over into a hotel the proprietor was determined that all his guests should appreciate their good fortune.

One day he showed a dry goods runner who stopped over three trains in Pottersville the best room in the house.

"You can have this room for tonight, seeing the house isn't full," he said somewhat grudgingly and stood in the doorway waiting for a word of praise.

None came, and when the young man carelessly threw his coat over one chair and placed his hat on the table and let his umbrella rattle down to the floor Mr. White felt the time for a word of remonstrance had come.

"See here," he said, with dignity, "there's a closet where you can put those things out o' sight. I guess you aren't much used to dadoed rooms nor yet rooms with landscape paper on 'em, young man."

A Perfect Understanding.

"Yes, I remember that little bill I owe you—remember it perfectly well, and in fact thought of it just as soon as I arrived in town," said a man in reply to some one who had dunned him. "Let me see. Where will you be at 4 o'clock this afternoon—at 4 sharp?"

"At the hotel."

"All right. Be at the hotel at 4 sharp."

"Collins," said an acquaintance, "you are a very plausible fellow. You know that you do not intend to pay that man."

"Well, no; that's a fact."

"Then why did you want to know where he would be at 4 o'clock?"

"So that I could time myself accordingly. If I know where he is at 4 o'clock I will be somewhere else at that time. In this life, my dear boy, to have a perfect understanding is to avoid many embarrassing situations."—London Telegraph.

Great Armies and Battles.

Modern conflicts appear like slight skirmishes when compared with the battles which at different times in past ages have told Asia in blood. Sultan Mohammed marched against Genghis Khan at the head of 400,000 fighting men, and on the immense plains outside the city of Otrar met the Tartar army, consisting of 700,000 men commanded by Genghis himself, assisted by his four sons. The Mohammedans were defeated and Otrar was taken. In eighteen years Genghis Khan subdued half of China, and Hindustan, Persia and Russia, and even carried his victorious arms into the heart of Korea. Genghis Khan issued a new law, the execution of which compelled all his soldiers to be heroes. He ordered the penalty of death for those who, when called to the assistance of their fellow soldiers in time of battle, should take to flight instead of going to the rescue.

THE LAW OF FINDING.

Against All Save the Owner the Finder's Title Is Perfect.

In common law finding is a qualified source of title to goods and chattels. Briefly, the law is that the finder has a clear title against all the world, excepting the owner. The proprietor of a coach or a railroad car or a ship has no right to demand property found on his premises. Such proprietors may make, in regard to lost articles, regulations which will bind their employees, but *they cannot bind the public.*

The law of finding was declared by the king's bench more than a hundred years ago (when it was the supreme court of common law in England) as follows:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded of the shopkeeper the wallet and the money. The latter refused to deliver them upon the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held, as stated above, that, against all the world save the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. The finder has indeed been held to stand in the place of the owner. Thus A prevailed in an action against B, who found an article which A had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no especial rights in regard to articles lost, unless these rights are covered by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. In the absence of special statute they have no power to keep an article against the finder any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A finder must, however, use every reasonable means to discover the owner of found goods before appropriating them to his own use. It has been declared that if the finder knows the owner or knows that he can discover him he is guilty of larceny in keeping or appropriating to himself the articles found.

THE OLD SAILING SHIPS.

Why the Wooden Ones Were Better Than Those Built of Iron.

The sailing ship when I knew her in the days of her perfection was a sensible creature. When I say her days of perfection I mean perfection of build, gear, seaworthy qualities and ease of handling for the production of speed. That quality reached its highest excellence in the discovery of hollow lines and departed with the change of building material.

None of the iron ships of yesterday ever attained the marvels of speed which the seamanship of men famous in their time had obtained from their wooden, copper sheeted predecessors. Everything had been done to make the iron ship perfect, but no wit of man had managed to devise an efficient coating composition to keep her bottom clean with the smooth cleanness of yellow metal sheeting. After a spell of a few weeks at sea an iron ship begins to lag as if she had grown tired too soon. It is only her bottom that is getting foul.

A very little affects the speed of a ship that is not driven on by an untiring propeller. Often it is impossible to tell what inconsiderate trifle puts her off her stride. A certain mysterious neatness hangs around the quality of speed as it was displayed by the old sailing ships commanded by competent seamen. In those days the speed was still a matter for the seaman's care. Therefore, apart from the laws, rules and regulations for the good preservation of his cargo, he was careful of his loading, of what is technically called the trim of his ship. Some ships sailed best on an even keel, others had to be trimmed quite one foot by the stern, and I have heard of a ship that gave her best speed on a wind when so loaded as to flout a couple of inches by the head.—Joseph Conrad in Harper's Weekly.

Fishing For Sheep.

When sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwithian sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St. Ives bay during the night. There the floating flock was observed from the St. Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch to which even pilchards were as nothing.

Hawk and Weasel.

A New Zealand paper relates that a settler noticed a hawk flying about in a peculiar manner and crying out as if in pain. The settler obtained a gun and shot the bird, and investigation showed the cause of its distress was a weasel which was perched on the hawk's back, with its teeth buried in the bird's neck. Apparently the animal had pounced upon the hawk when it was on the ground and was carried skyward with the flight of its prey.

"Smart" London Manners.

A fashionable crowd is almost invariably bad tempered. People jostle each other vindictively and preserve a stony, icy glare the whole time. A man at a dance seeking his partner in the crush will not hesitate to push past women in a way that would probably shock his barbarian ancestors.—London Lady.

I know of no real worth but that tranquil firmness which braves dangers without rashness.—Stanislaus.

On Wings of Steel

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

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"Ow! Ugh!" Dorton gave a gasp of pain as his skate struck something snaggly in the snowy ice, then staggeringly recovered his balance, aided by a timely grasp from the fur gloved hand of Dr. Melford, who had been doing a neat outer edge alongside and grumbling heartily the while.

"What rotten luck!" he had been saying every five minutes as the merry skaters whizzed by, always in satisfying pairs. "And we have had our shingles up a whole month in this confounded burg, and still don't know a single, solitary girl in all this giddy phantasmagoria of whirling skaters"—

Then he was interrupted by Dorton's fall.

"Are you hurt, old man? What've you hit?" he demanded, anxiously peering through his frosted glasses at his disabled friend, who stooped painfully to pick up something from the chipped ice before hobbling shoreward.

"Struck?" echoed Dorton, sinking on to a bench under a lamp post and nursing his ankle. "The United States steel trust, I think, by the feel of my foot! There it is!" And he held up to view the obstruction which had interrupted his fantastic gyrations in the center of the lake where the figure skaters had been performing.

It was a good sized No. 10 boy's skate, of the club variety, and its polished nickel blade shone like frozen moonbeams as he surveyed it critically. Melford glanced at it with interest and put the laconic query:

"Gender masculine, feminine or neuter?"

"Feminine," promptly decided Dorton, holding it closer. "It's got some initials engraved on it—'J. M. T.' No boy was ever so sentimental as that. And no chappie ever wore clubs, so by the process of elimination we arrive at the remaining and only possible sex of flutty, its owner. And, by Jove, from the size of it, she's no Cinderella either. It fits a No. 5 foot, or I'll eat my hat. Girls are so emancipated these days," he went on whimsically, "even their feet are throwing off trammels and spreading out of all"—

"If you have quite finished Sherlock Holmesing my skate," broke in a high, cool voice out of the black region beyond the ring of light rays from the arc lamps "will you be kind enough to return it to me?"

"The devil!" ejaculated Dorton under his breath, starting guiltily and dropping the unlucky skate to the ground. It fell clattering under the bench, and the doctor dived after it with ostentatious haste.

"You fool," he swore in Dorton's unconfortable ear as he went down on all fours in his quest. "And this was our only chance—first woman's voice that's ever addressed us since we came west. We might have scraped an acquaintance, but now you've made a mess of it."

"Bigger fool you!" Dorton rejoined fiercely, bumping heads with his colleague as he, too, stooped to recover the bone of contention, lodging in some measure to retrieve himself in the eyes of the invisible unknown. "She's not that sort at all. I can tell by her voice."

"Well, even nice girls sometimes under such circumstances"— began Melford in an injured tone, but Dorton cut him short, having found the skate and held it out toward the voice in question. But the young woman belonging to it made no move to recover her property, remaining obdurately in the friendly darkness.

"Will you be so good as to bring it to me?" Her tone was as silvery and distant as the strains from the band stand on the other side of the lake.

"I've got to see her face," thought the big fellow to himself, "and gain time to square myself somehow."

He took a step forward and suddenly measured his full length at her maligned feet, with the skate still clutched in his hand.

"My ankle," he moaned when she bent over him, all womanly solicitude, her momentary pique gone. Only anxiety and pity were visible in her lovely face—quite the loveliest he had ever seen, Dorton thought, as he closed his eyes.

"Oh, I'm afraid he's fainted! He's hurt, and it's my fault!" cried the girl, tearing off her mittens to rub snow on the cheeks that looked so pale in the white light. "Can't you do something for him? He wouldn't have been hurt if it hadn't been for my skate!" she quavered, feeling in some way to blame. "Please go for a doctor."

"I am a doctor—a recent arrival in the city," replied Melford. "If we could get him somewhere and cut his shoe off and bandage his foot"—

"Yes, yes," put in the girl eagerly. "Call a cab and take him to my home. It's just around the lake yonder."

"Janet Tuttle, where are you? We've been looking for you and your skate—everywhere! Did you find it?"

The girl was still explaining, amid furious blushes, to her friends, who had gathered in a curious circle around her, when, to her relief, the doctor approached and announced that a cab man was waiting.

With the help of Janet's brother, who was in the party, Melford got his disabled chum into the carriage. Janet gave the driver her address and seated herself with a sort of defiant shyness.

At the door of the big house where they drew up her mother greeted, with consternation, her early appearance with two strange men, but this quickly turned to motherly concern when she heard of the accident. She hastened to supply liniment and bandages and hovered outside the closed door of the wide, old fashioned bedroom whither the injured man had been conducted and waited anxiously with Janet while the doctor attended to the injured ankle.

"Now, doc, do be careful," they heard Dorton groan as the door closed, but they could not hear the rather curious dialogue which began a moment later. Melford got up from his task and faced his friend with accusing eyes.

"Paul! You aren't really hurt at all! Say, what's your game anyway?" And he glared at his pseudo patient, who sat in state, propped in pillows. That young man's audacious gray eyes closed gently, while an ingenuous smile wreathed his whole countenance.

"Sh!" he said. "I'll tell you my game—the old, old game of hearts, and you've got to help me. Mum's the word. There was no other way. Oh, don't look so savage! I mean business." And the level lips spelled grim determination as they also closed firmly.

"You don't mean you want to marry a girl you've never seen in your life before tonight?"

"That's exactly what I do mean," returned the other genially, "if she'll have me."

"Well, I'll be—hanged!" ejaculated Melford, dazed.

"No, you won't—at least I hope not—but that blessed skate will be, and that in the most conspicuous place on our library wall, I said our. Did you notice it?" he added, with large prophecy in his excited eyes.

"Mighty certain, seems to me," grunted Melford. "You've got to square yourself for that break you made about the size of her feet"—

"By Jove, I forgot!" Paul's face fell, and a haunted look came into his eyes, whereat the doctor said, with sympathetic wonder: "As bad as that already? But I always said that when you did get it you'd have it bad"—

"She'll have to forgive me and marry me. I'll love her so she can't help it! And anyway," he added innocently, his face clearing, "I don't believe that her shoe is more than a four and a half, though she's no Cinderella, I'll admit, even at that."

"You'll do," grunted the doctor. "Guess you'll get the girl."

All of which rash statements were verified in the course of time.

A Castaway Tragedy.

Beginning due west of Point Concepception, on the California coast, and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the bay of Todos Santos, in Lower California, lie the Channel islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And, in very truth, Crusoe's semimythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending. The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left aghoge through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early fifties. For over seventeen years the lone creature lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came when on the days the mist clearing north wind blew she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ringlefers' herds grazing upon the mainland. And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they marked upon the lonely sands.—Field and Stream.

The Ways of Premiers.

Queen Victoria once wrote to Lord Palmerston, then premier of England, expressing the wish that she could speak from his place in the house of commons. Palmerston replied: "Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duties to your majesty and has had the honor to receive your majesty's communication of yesterday stating what your majesty would have said if your majesty had been in the house of commons. Viscount Palmerston may, perhaps, be permitted to take the liberty of saying that it is fortunate for those from whose opinion her majesty differs that your majesty is not in the house of commons, for they would have to encounter a formidable antagonist in argument, although, on the other hand, those whose opinions your majesty approves would have had the support of a powerful ally in debate."

Disraeli when premier had a more direct way in dealing with women. One of them once attempted to get a certain piece of information from him. He listened to what she had to say and then answered, "Oh, you darling!"

His Serious Offense.

In one of the missionary schools of China the ages of the male students range from nine to thirty-five. Often father and son attend school together and sometimes run a spirited race for the first place in a class. Sometimes family rivalry is productive of dire results. The second master had been a short time at the school when one day he noticed that a boy was absent, and he made inquiries as to the reason.

The following dialogue in Chinese immediately ensued:

Officious Boy—Please, sir, Li Ho Wack isn't well.

Master—What is the matter with him?

Officious Boy—His father thrashed him last night, and he is too bad to come to school today.

Master—He must have committed a serious offense to merit a thrashing. What did he do?

Officious Boy—Please, sir, he laughed when you caned his father yesterday!

ALTERING A PICTURE.

Why the Change Did Not Please the Original Artist.

An artist was talking about the noted German painter Adolf von Menzel.

"You Menzel," he said, "painted the clearest and most distinct of pictures. Everything with him was worked out to the last hair. Nothing was ever suggested. With suggested, sketchy, impressionistic pictures he had no sympathy. He was called the Meissonier of Germany.

"In a discussion of a certain impressionist's vague, unintelligible work I once heard Von Menzel say:

"'This man Markheim sold to the Countess X. two years ago one of his landscapes. The countess after she had had the landscape a few weeks tired of it, and to another artist who dined with her one night she said:

"'I think the new picture that Herr Markheim sold me lacks animation. It needs life in it. Would you be willing to paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle?'

"'Why, surely, madam,' said the second painter. And he took the picture home with him, made the addition and returned it the next morning.

"'Later, meeting Markheim, he said:

"'I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours the other day. It was the landscape you sold the Countess X. She wanted a figure in it, and to oblige her I painted an old peasant walking down the road.'

"Markheim frowned.

"'The road?' he said. 'The road? I don't remember any road in that picture.'

"'Oh, yes, there is a road,' said the other.

"'I can't recall it,' said Markheim.

"'Finally, to settle the matter, they went to the house of the countess and stood before the picture.

"'There,' said Markheim's brother artist—'there is your road, and there is my old peasant walking down it.'

"'Fool!' Markheim cried, 'what have you done? That is not a road in the center of my work. It is a river.'"—San Francisco News-Letter.

THE GROUND CUCKOO.

Remarkable Cunning It Displays In Catching Rattlers.

One of the most interesting zoological oddities is the California ground cuckoo. He usually is from twenty to twenty-five inches long, including his tail, which measures one-half of his whole length. On account of his small wings he is a poor flier, but what he lacks in aerial dexterity he makes up in pedestrian velocity. With his four yard jumps he can outrun the swiftest race horse. His geographical range is confined to southern California, Mexico and some parts of Texas. As a bird of prey the ground cuckoo outwits his most artilous fellow creatures. Snails and large worms constitute his principal food, which he is busy all day in digging out of the ground. But he does not hesitate to attack larger animals. It is no trouble for him to get the better of small snakes, and when domesticated he beats any cat or dog in the extermination of mice and small house pests.

Most curiously interesting is the strategic sagacity he displays in the capture of large rattlesnakes. These he dare not meet in fair and open combat. As soon as he espies a rattlesnake sleeping in the sun near a cactus hedge he surrounds his victim with a heap of the prickly leaves until he is well hemmed in. He then pricks at the reptile a few times with his sharp bill, which causes a sudden commotion in the cactus heap. In his attempt to disentangle himself from the leaves he wounds his tender flesh, and it takes but an hour or two for the average rattler to die of sheer exhaustion and furnish a much coveted tidbit for the sly cuckoo. His method with his prey resembles that of the cat with the mouse.

Influence of Red Hair.

"There never has been an important revolutionary movement without a red haired person intimately concerned, if not the leader," says a writer. "Nearly all the great reformers or founders of religions had red hair. History mentions that Mohammed was a red haired man,—King David was ruddy. Louis XIV. was a sandy haired man, with many of the characteristic peculiarities of the type. Cleopatra is called 'the red haired Greek.' Mary, queen of Scots, had red hair, and Prince Charles resembled her in coloring. Lucrezia Borgia looks in her portraits somewhat auburn. Queen Elizabeth was of decidedly red coloring, which will suit both her admirers and her detractors."

Had One Too Many Himself.

"Serves him right!" murmured Mrs. Henpeck, looking up from the paper in which she had been reading of the arrest of a bigamist.

"Serves who right?" asked Henpeck.

"Oh, a man who took one wife too many."

"My!—Maybe they'll be after me next."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pert.

Miss Tottie—Auntie, make Johnny quit saying mean things to me. Aunt Lottie—Mercy, child! You're both of you bad children. What's he been saying now? Miss Tottie—He says I've a worse temper'n you have.—Exchange.

Their Deceit.

Grayce—What are you crying about? Gladys—My new hat isn't becoming. All the girls— Grayce—Say it isn't? Gladys—No. Boo-hoo. They say it is!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The confidant of my vices is my master though he wore my valet.—Goethe.

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KILLING THE SEALS.

Always Done In the Morning, When the Temperature Is Lowest.

John Scudder McLain in his "Alaska" thus describes the business of securing seal skins: "The killing is always early in the morning when the temperature is lowest. It was 5 o'clock in the morning when we left the ship. The killing season was practically over, but the agents had arranged a drive for our benefit. The seal lie along the rocky shores, the bulls or 'beachmasters,' as they are called, and the cows and their pups occupying the rocks nearest the water, while the bachelors, the young unmated males, are forced to go farther up the beach. As only the bachelors are killed for their skins, this natural division facilitates the work of the drivers in making their selections. Two or three drivers slip in and cut out, as the cowboys would say, a bunch for the day's killing. They proceed to make a great noise by shouting, slapping pieces of boards together and beating on tin cans. The seals are frightened, and the squirming, huddling mass is gradually forced away from the rookery.

"Now, here they come, bleating like a flock of sheep, ambling in their awkward fashion through the tall grass. The younger males and the few females which the drivers will not try to separate from the herd until the killing ground is reached offer no resistance, but the two or three old bulls show fight and rush at the drivers with surprising speed and agility when pressed too hard. As they are driven to the killing grounds their gait is a sort of canter, as they raise themselves on their flippers and pull their heavy bodies up. They repeat this movement rapidly for a hundred yards and then fall, panting and exhausted. The method of killing adopted inflicts less suffering on the victims than any other that could be devised, but one who has witnessed the operation will not wish to see it again.

"Those who do the killing are natives who are expert at the business, each armed with a stout club about five feet long and three inches thick at the heavy end. They cut out twenty or thirty of the struggling creatures and, striking each one on the head, crush the soft, thin skull. Death is instantaneous. As the club falls with a thud upon each graceful head those that have escaped the first crushing blows seem to become conscious of their impending fate and their appealing eyes, soft as those of a deer, their plaintive cries and their ineffectual efforts to escape would certainly stay the arm of any not schooled by years and generations to do this work. The stranger to the scene is forced to turn away, though he must admit that not a throb of conscious pain follows the descent of the heavy club."

Range of the Honeybee.

"The range of honeybees is but little understood," said an authority. "Many suppose that bees go for miles in quest of nectar, while others think they go only for a short distance. It may be curious to many to understand how any one can tell how far the bees may fly, but this is simple when understood.

"Years ago, when the Italian bees were first introduced in the United States, these bees, having marks different from the common bees already here, were easily distinguished, and after any beekeeper had obtained the Italian bees they could be observed and their range easily noticed. If bloom is plentiful close to where bees are located they will not go very far, perhaps a mile in range, but if it is scarce they may go five miles.

"Usually about three miles is as far as they may go profitably. Bees have been known to go as far as eight miles in a straight line, crossing a body of water that distance to land."—Milwaukee Free Press.

The Power of a Voice.

Stories abound to illustrate the power possessed by great speakers and actors to stir the emotions by the tones of the voice. It is said of the elder Booth that he brought tears to the eyes of a company upon one occasion by the way in which he uttered the opening words, "Our Father," of the Lord's Prayer.

A story is told of the great Irish orator, O'Connell. An attack had been made upon him in the house of commons. When O'Connell arose to reply, his lofty brow was black with thunder and his arm uplifted as if to strike. Then, checking himself, he said, "But the gentleman says he loves Ireland." Lowering his tone to the rippling murmur of a summer brook, he continued, "I have no words of bitterness or reproach for any man who loves Ireland." The pathos in the fragmentary utterance of the last word brought tears to the eyes of many veterans of the house.

A Double Meaning.

A good story is told of a famous English engineer. An attorney went to him when he first began his career to ask him an opinion as a civil engineer. After the opinion was given he inquired as to the fee and was told it was 25 guineas, which he accordingly paid. Some years later, when the civil engineer had acquired a reputation and been made a fellow of the Royal society, the same attorney went up to him for an opinion, and when he had received it said, "I remember the last time I was here I asked your fee, and you said it was 25 guineas, and so I have brought a check for that amount." The engineer looked at him and asked him if he knew what F. R. S. meant. The answer was: "Why, certainly. It means fellow of the royal society." "Yes," said the engineer, "and it means also, 'Fees raised since.'"

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ELEPHANTS LUMBERING.

They Were Not Only Doing Man's Work, but Doing It Man's Way.

The elephants round us were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawed. They were harnessed for this with a broad breast band and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawed planks with their trunks and carrying them across the yard to be piled.

A mahout sat on the neck of every elephant; and if the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint, with his iron spike, that two might go to that load. Then, grunting, the elephant would pick up the second with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were any planks ready. When there were none he would take his ease in the sun and wait, or perhaps there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another, and if pushing would do, with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up any more than a housemaid will pick up a chair on casters.

More fascinating it was than I can tell to see the jungle patriarch kneel down to a heavy log, twist his trunk round it, place it on the top of the pile and then calculate its position and push and pull until it was square in its place. The oddest because the most reasonable thing was to see the elephant, pushing against the end of a very heavy log, stretch out one hind leg to give himself balance and purchase. That seemed to bring him somehow very near to us. He was not only doing our work, but he was doing it in our way.

Presently, with one accord, all the elephants dropped work and moved in the direction of the sheds.

"That means it's 11 o'clock," said the foreman; "dinner hour. Not for himself could we get them to do a stroke of work from now till 3. It's their off time. At 3 they begin again and work till dusk, and they start about 6 in the morning, but they don't understand overtime."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Cleverly Evaded.

A wealthy Australian squatter in order to protect his six daughters from fortune hunters left his property to them in equal shares, but decreed that if either married without the consent of the trustees she should forfeit her share to her sisters. When the case came up at Sydney it was found that the six sisters had all married without permission, and thus each had forfeited her share in the property to her sisters, a state of affairs which the ladies doubtless considered highly satisfactory.

Neglected Opportunities.

"I wonder," said Farmer Corntossel, who had just returned from a trip to the big city, "why so many young men insist on not gettin' rich."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"They all want to be lawyers or doctors instead o' bein' restaurant waiters or policemen." Washington Star.

Some people are inquisitive from habit, not because they want to know.—South Bend Tribune.

TO SERVE WITH COUP.

Mulligatawny—Boiled rice.

Pea—Dried powdered mint, celery.

Hare—Red currant, rowan or crab berry jelly.

Turtle—Lemon cut in quarters and handed separately.

Clear Soup with Italian Pastes—Grated Parmesan cheese.

Clear Soup a la Colbert—Poached egg on a hot dish on a napkin.

Croute au Pot—Thin rounds of bread dipped in the soup, then made crisp in the oven.

Bouillabaise (a rich fish soup)—Croutons or thin brown bread and butter, quarters of lemon.

Artichoke, Thick Lettuce, Crecy, Bisques—Croutons or thin rounds of bread dipped in soup or stock, then made crisp in the oven.

Ike's News

Straw Hats are in 25c to $5.00.

Summer Underwear for thin BREpurses 76 varieties

Suits, gorgeous, gray, grand general, for every sort of man—for every sort of occasion. Prices square.

Boys' Suits. Bargain prices—left overs from last season. Alour half. Ask for them.

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Catalogue and photo of '04-05 class (100 students) mailed free. Address above.

Executors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of William McCord, late of Coleville, Keating Twp., McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been issued to Michael Herzog and Henry Roeder of Keating township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate will make payment and all persons having claims against said estate will present the same without delay.

MICHAEL HERZOG,
HENRY ROEDER,
Executors.

Smethport, Pa., R. E. D. No. 3, June 30, 1905.

THE BEST

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Mother's Friend

WASH SUITS, BLOUSES and SHIRT WAISTS are THE BEST. They're exactly suited for summer sports and they'll stand repeated washings. Why worry how to dress your boy when you can get a Suit for for $1.00 and a Blouse or Waist for 50c.

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Good Plumbers

like us are in demand. So if you put that job of yours off we may be too busy to give it the prompt attention we can now. Come to-day. Sure.

EDGAR W. STRONG.
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Saturday, the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1905, under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874 and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Commercial Union Telephone Company," the character and object of which is to build, purchase, lease and operate telephone lines and telegraph exchanges and lines in the several counties of Clinton, Clearfield, Tioga, Bradford, Potter, Cameron, Venango, Butler, Armstrong, Elk, McKean, Forest, Jefferson and Clarion, in the State of Pennsylvania, and to maintain and operate the said systems, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act and the supplements thereto.

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Solicitor.

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A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, May 25, 1905.

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